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# THE FORTNIGHTLY

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JUNE, 1949

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## POWER CONFLICTS IN SOUTH-EAST ASIA

BY WERNER LEVI

The struggle among the western powers for predominance in south-eastern Asia is reminiscent of the European situation.

The United States, leading its friends of western Europe, is opposing Russia ; but in this theatre the lines are not as sharply drawn nor the issues as clearly cut, due to greater divergencies of interest within each of the two camps and to the fact that most of the countries of south-eastern Asia are still outside any camp.

The United States is the most powerful nation in the Pacific and has considerable, although somewhat unevenly distributed interests in south-eastern Asia. At the outbreak of the 1939-1945 war its raw materials were of great military importance and, in order to maintain Great Britain as the major American fortress in the Atlantic, it was vital for the United States to keep British lifelines to the Empire intact. This outlook was made abundantly clear to the Japanese when they moved into south-eastern Asia. The premises of that policy are still valid to-day. Great Britain remains a vital defence post of the United States and is threatened by the possibility of a western war with Russia. American-Russian tension adds to the strategic significance of south-eastern Asia for America. American concern for the area can therefore be assumed to be at least equal to that of 1941. The United States is interested in peace, the statement to the Indonesian Republic repeated, so that the raw materials of the islands may be accessible and the "Government necessarily must be concerned with developments in Indonesia as a factor in world stability, both economic and political." If these are the major interests of the United States in south-eastern Asia, it needs to participate in the politics of the region only whenever and wherever developments seem to interfere with these interests. At present, no serious threat can come from colonial power or local nation, but only from Russia or a Russian-controlled area. This may explain why the United States up to now has been able to maintain a fairly neutral position in the upheavals of south-eastern Asia. For as long as the outcome of the struggle between the colonial powers and their colonies does not disturb basic American interests there is no need to intervene.

Failure of the American Government to take sides has not always been appreciated by the contestants and has even brought the accusa-



tion of partiality. The most severe criticism comes from France, whose suspicions of American imperialistic designs were born at the end of the war when there was talk in America of bringing Indo-China under trusteeship. After General Wedemeyer arranged for the occupation of the colony by British troops south of and by Chinese troops north of the 16th parallel, *Aurore* published an article, first banned and later passed by censorship, saying that General de Gaulle was familiar with an American-Chinese agreement of 1947 in which the United States had obtained "certain rights" in Indo-China. He was relieved when he returned from Washington in the summer of 1946 that he had found no opposition to a return of Indo-China to France, but Frenchmen were disappointed that he had also found no inclination to guarantee or facilitate such a return and never quite lost their suspicions. The French in Indo-China are still inclined to blame General Wedemeyer's occupation policy as at least indirectly responsible for their troubles with the Viet-Nam Government, and argue that if America had allowed Great Britain to occupy all the colony the Chinese would never have had a chance to set up Ho Chin Minh and his government in Annam. Ho, these Frenchmen say, is a communist trouble maker undeserving of any American sympathy. Americans completely misunderstand the situation in Indo-China, the argument continues, and French policy has nothing to do with crude, old-fashioned imperialism; rather it is an attempt to liberate the Indo-Chinese people from the Ho régime and to lead them toward self-government. This should have American sympathy and assistance.

By contrast, the Viet Nam Government appeared to put some trust in American policy and hopes for American assistance in settling their dispute with France. During the war, when Indo-China was run by the Japanese and Vichy French, the League for the Independence of Viet Nam appealed to the United States "to give aid and assistance in our fight for national liberation" and "for recognition of our organization . . . as an authorized and legal organization which represents the Indo-Chinese people."

The United States is more active in the struggle for control over the Dutch East Indies; presumably because of vastly greater economic interests there. As early as December 19, 1945, the Government expressed hope that peace could be preserved in the Indies, and on various occasions tried to induce both parties to settle their dispute peacefully. Frequently an undertone of criticism can be discovered in State Department notes deploring the action of one or the other party which it considers a deviation from the line it hopes would permit a peaceful settlement of the issues. In general, United States efforts, outside and within the United Nations, were appreciated, but the Indonesians tend to feel some discrimination against them.



They have some justification on the broad grounds that the United States have so far hardly lived up to its various pronouncements, beginning vaguely with the Atlantic Charter, against colonialism. A position of absolute neutrality in a struggle between colonial peoples and their metropolitan powers seems irreconcilable with the pronounced solicitude of the United States for self-government and national independence.

When the Dutch resumed their attack on the Indonesian Republic on December 19 in spite of strong American pressure to desist, the United States took a definitive stand against the Dutch, asking for the cessation of hostilities and the withdrawal of Dutch troops to restore the *status quo ante*. Since it was immediately clear that Dutch action would play into communist hands everywhere in Asia, this demand conformed to the basic American policy of preventing the spread of Communism into areas considered vital to American security. The American request was acceptable to the Indonesian Republicans and would have strengthened the anti-communist forces in Asia. The United States, however, compromised a strong legal, political, and moral position by yielding to France, which feared strong United Nations' action because of its own troubles in Indo-China, in reducing this request to a cease-fire agreement. The Republicans considered this completely inadequate and the United States provoked Dutch resentment without winning Indonesian sympathy.

In other parts of south-eastern Asia there was less opportunity or need for the United States to act. Immediately upon Japanese surrender the colonial territories were taken over by Great Britain, and India, Ceylon, and Burma received their independence. The little outside assistance in the form of small arms and ammunition needed by Great Britain in Malaya was provided freely by the United States and somewhat more grudgingly by Australia. Neither in Burma nor Siam did the tense situations develop into a threat to the dual American interests. The *status quo*, favourable to these interests, was preserved.

The watchful, essentially passive, and ostensibly aloof attitude of the United States was rather unfavourably interpreted in Russia. The Soviet Union too is showing interest in south-eastern Asia. Obviously, its position is in every respect inferior to that of the United States. There is no evidence of any direct Russian interference anywhere in this region, but she is trying to weaken American prestige by declaring the United States responsible for any nation's policy which is disliked by the native population, by taking a definite stand in favour of the nationalist freedom movements, and by indirectly intervening in local affairs through communist parties.

Russian press and international propaganda, with almost



monotonous uniformity, finds the State Department behind every non-communist move by any group or government in south-eastern Asia. A strike by Burmese workers was immediately declared a "political strike" against the "sham freedom" granted by Great Britain, and America is accused of discrediting the Burmese "upsurge of the national liberation among the great masses" by "slandorous" press campaigns about a communist menace. In Indonesia, the United States is the "stage manager" and developments are engineered by "Anglo-Dutch-United States bloc machinations" and supervised by the "ever present United States of America." Dutch officials are accused of having close ties with American "monopolistic" firms and "monopolistic" American capital is said to be firmly entrenched in all basic branches of the national economy of the Indonesian archipelago. In the Philippines, the United States is presented as having retained all necessary means for continued control and having an army there for the suppression of the national liberation. The Marshall plan, by giving the United States control over the western colonial powers provides, in general, the necessary grip over all colonial territories in south-eastern Asia.

The second Russian method is the use of communist parties in the various countries of the region. Mr. Bevin announced in the House of Commons that the communists were making an attempt to stir up trouble for the purpose of forcing the western powers out of south-eastern Asia. Malcolm Macdonald, Commissioner General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia, remarked that "Whitehall feels that there is a connection between the communist terrorist movements not only in south-east Asia but in the world as a whole." In the United States the fear is often expressed that communist success in China would have considerable influence upon Communism all over Asia.

The methods of infiltration are alike everywhere in the region. The language and the arguments of attack against the western powers are the same ; in some cases identical articles and pictures are published in the communist press of the different countries. Mutual aid in revolts is frequent. In view of this abundant circumstantial evidence combined with the knowledge of the notorious methods used by the Soviet Government in other parts of the world, it can be accepted without doubt that there exists in south-eastern Asia a centrally organized and co-ordinated communist campaign which aims at discrediting the western powers, especially the United States, and glorifying the Soviet Union, whatever else may be its goal. This must be recognized as a Russian weapon on this second front of the cold war.

To assume that all the upheavals of the region are due to communist agitation would be a quite inadequate analysis



of the situation. That this is believed very often is due, mainly, to two reasons. First, people in the western world tend to-day to categorize every political dispute in the light of the ideological conflict between the United States and Russia. Second, foreign governments, beset with many problems and taking advantage of the Russian-American split, try to obtain American sympathy and help by describing their difficulties as communist provoked. In this vein the French government has consistently presented the Viet Nam Government and the native revolt against colonial rule as communist-inspired from without Indo-China. The Dutch Government has often chosen to call the Indonesian Republic (among other names) the communist product of lawless rebels. Even when the Republican Prime Minister Hatta was confronted with a communist rebellion in his own territory the Dutch, fearful of losing their most effective appeals for help, unhesitatingly hinted that this rebellion was arranged in collusion with Hatta or that, at least, he was unwilling or unable to cope with it. Amusingly enough he, using the same principle in turn, asked for a relaxation of the Dutch blockade so that he could have access to means with which to defeat the communists. The Siamese Government, resting on the support of rightist, reactionary groups, is patrolling Bangkok streets ostensibly to prevent communist coups, but more likely to maintain itself in power. All these groups, anxious for American support and playing upon American fears of Communism, strive to convince the United States that their own welfare is identical with that of the world.

The fact is that the revolts of south-eastern Asia are very greatly mixed in origin. The percentage of communists among active elements is usually small indeed, although they often succeeded in gaining control of the freedom movements. Under the general heading of nationalists, groups can be found supporting the freedom movements for a variety of reasons, among them nationalistic, economic, religious, racial, cultural, and plain criminal, reasons which have their roots in periods long before Communism became a factor in world politics. Many native leaders, who would have most to fear from a communist coup, are not at all convinced either of their inability to control Communism, or of their countries' doom if a neighbour should fall victim to Communism, or even of the need to choose between the United States and Russia.

The recent defeats of the communist parties provide a breathing spell during which in a constructive manner the deeper causes of Communism might be eliminated. For the prevailing labour conditions, the low standard of living, the opposition of France and Holland to the freedom movements, and even the American policy of rebuilding Japan provide communist agitators with excellent ammunition. So far, however, methods used in combating Com-



munism have mainly been the outlawing or restricting of communist activity. This was done in Siam, in the Dutch East Indies by the Dutch, and in Burma and Malaya. Occasional local co-operation across national borders has taken place. The British Commonwealth offer of financial and military assistance to Burma seems finally to have been accepted with qualifications by Premier Thakin Nu. The conviction in London and Washington about some concerted drive by communist parties in southeastern Asia led to conferences of American officials there in Bangkok in June 1948 and of British officials in November 1948, to discuss the situation. Since then, proposals for a co-ordinated drive against Communism have been debated on higher levels. Australia, New Zealand, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon told Mr. Bevin in January that the non-committal British attitude on Indonesia was favourable to Communism in Asia and suggested that London should initiate the creation of an Eastern union. Some sections of the British, Australian, and American public call for a Pacific Marshall plan, Truman doctrine and alliance. But the British Government, torn between the need for co-operation with western European powers—especially Holland and France—and the realization that imperialistic policies in Asia are damaging to European prestige has not yet committed itself on any agreement. After a first flush of anger at Dutch action on December 19, many British officials had a number of second thoughts and became indeed, quite critical of "rash" American and pronouncedly anti-Dutch Australian action in the United Nations. The only concrete steps taken so far in the direction of regional anti-communist or at least non-communist co-operation were the meetings of nineteen Asiatic and South Pacific nations in New Delhi in January and at Lake Success in March.

The third outside aspirant for influence in south-eastern Asia is Australia. But the problem for Australians is how to implement that aspiration. Opinion on the best way to adjust to the new conditions is divided within the country. Progressive groups feel that the only choice Australia has is to befriend the peoples of the region and in co-operation let them share in the advances of modern civilization, under Australian leadership. The more conservative groups, haunted by fear of Communism and an invasion of the "yellow races" still believe that their salvation lies in strong colonial rule. They advocate, rather unconstructively, a strong Australia as the Pacific leader within a strong British Commonwealth, co-operating with the United States. They generally write off the United Nations as impotent. The Australian Government is pursuing a middle of the road policy with an inclination towards the progressive groups. In the hope—shared by Nehru—of being able to become a mediating third force between Russia and the United States, Canberra emphasize



the United Nations as a major instrument of Australian policy together with reliance upon the Commonwealth and co-operation with the United States as the strongest Pacific power. Canberra's attempts to win the friendship of south-eastern Asiatic nations are watched critically by the Opposition. The dispatch of Australian business men to the area, the sending of friendship missions, and the establishment of scholarships for Asiatic students for the purpose of strengthening "the ties of friendship between Australians and the peoples of South-East Asia," in Dr. Evatt's words, were accepted with good grace. But Australia's strong stand on the Indonesian question, the reluctant aid to Great Britain in Malaya, and Australian participation in the January conference at New Delhi were practically branded as treason. In the face of growing independence of Asiatic peoples, the traditional inability of most Australians to come to terms with the consequences of their country's geographic and demographic situation is leading to increasing unhappiness.

China and India may, in the long run, turn out to be more serious competitors for control over south-eastern Asia than any of the western powers. But, for the time being, internal difficulties demand most of their attention and energy, though apparently not all of it. It is quite evident that even now both nations are making efforts to assure themselves positions of leadership in the region—with fear of a reconstructed, remilitarized Japan serving as an additional stimulus.

The prospect of Chinese territorial expansion is a factor causing apprehension among China's neighbours. These apprehensions were so strong that several high Chinese officials felt compelled to make formal denials of any territorial ambitions. Yet the reluctance of China to withdraw its occupation army from Indo-China, Chinese manoeuvres in Viet Nam politics, Chinese claims to 70,000 square miles of Burmese territory, maps showing Chinese territory reaching deep into Burma, and claims that Indo-China and Burma are vital to China's security, do not help to allay fears of Chinese expansionism.

Whether the establishment of a communist government in China will change this situation cannot be predicted with certainty, but there are indications that the trend will continue. Appeals have already been made from China to the Indonesians to join in a common front with the Soviet Union. Chinese communists have been found fighting with Viet-Nameese, indicating that the common bond of Communism succeeded in overcoming traditional Annamese antipathies against the Chinese. Chinese communists are almost exclusively responsible for the fighting in Malaya. And China serves as the centre of much of the communist propaganda in south-eastern Asia. Whatever Mao Tse-tung's "titoism" may mean for



the internal conditions of a Chinese communist régime, it is most likely that a communist China will be the executor and controller of a foreign policy conceived in Moscow and imposed upon any nation of south-eastern Asia which may turn communist. Simultaneously with its guardedly aggressive policy, the nationalist Chinese government is attempting to win the sympathy of its neighbouring peoples. Verbally, at least, it supports their freedom movements, even at some measure of self-sacrifice. For in view of the hatred with which many Chinese are received in south-eastern Asia, it is clear to the government that the absence of western control will lead to anti-Chinese riots; has, in fact, already done so. But the wealthier Chinese seem to side with the colonial powers against the freedom movements. The friendship campaign of the Chinese government shows very few results.

A similar campaign by India appears to be much more successful. India has gone beyond mere expressions of sympathy for the freedom movements and has occasionally acted on their behalf, though always "short of war". It has brought their causes before the United Nations, it has assisted them by denying use of airports and other facilities to the colonial powers. At the Asian Relations Conference and persistently thereafter, India has been bidding for leadership. The tenor of many Indian speeches and writings indicates clearly that India aims at becoming the centre of a new Asia.

Like the Chinese, the Indians are solicitous about the welfare of Indian minorities abroad and anxious to retain their loyalty. The Indian problem in South Africa has become famous through Indian action in the United Nations. Constant interference by the Indian Government in what other countries consider their internal affairs has led to resentment and justifiable fears, since some of the Government's activities are not devoid of imperialistic tinges.

Like small nations all over the world, the countries of south-eastern Asia are considering the formation of a union on the principle that there is strength in unity. South-eastern Asiatic federalism or regionalism has become a much discussed topic in the area. An outside stimulus and a realistic touch to these discussions is provided by a number of schemes which are already in existence, although for the present under the guidance of western powers. The strategic command of Lord Louis Mountbatten, created in 1943, comprised the region and popularized the concept. At the war's end, Lord Killearn was appointed Special Commissioner for all British territories in the area and he has now been succeeded by Malcolm Macdonald under the title of Commissioner General for the United Kingdom in South-East Asia. Monthly meetings are held by all British officials in the area and many representatives of other governments, at which reconstruction problems of an economic nature for the area are discussed. Other



organizations, such as the World Health Organization and the International Civil Aviation Organization meet to deal specifically with common problems of south-eastern Asia.

In the end, it may be taken for granted, any form of union will be created under the exclusion of western powers. This has already become clear *apropos* of rejected suggestions made by France and Australia for regional organization. A similarly negative, though more careful, reception was given Indian schemes for federal organization of the region, naturally with Indian participation. Most of the speculation turns upon schemes for the unification of south-eastern Asiatic countries exclusively, variations in them being due to the political and cultural background of their sponsors. One comprehensive plan envisages a federated union of all south-eastern Asia, another proposes a union of Malaya-Indonesian peoples and a union of Buddhist countries, including Burma, Siam, and Cambodia with a seat in Bangkok. All these schemes are in the embryonic state, with something more concrete in the South-East Asia League, comprising some of the northern countries. But the fact that such schemes can be discussed seriously is an indication of how much conditions have changed from pre-war days. At that time, the outside links of the colonies were almost exclusively with the mother country. Each country knew little about its neighbour and developed along very individualistic, rigid lines. But now a number of events have brought increased contacts between them and consequently a very gradual breakdown of their cultural diversities. The war was, in general, a most potent factor in acquainting these peoples with each other. Japanese Pan-Asiatic propaganda was another. The Japanese custom of bringing collaborators from the area together in conferences was another (and many of these are leaders to-day). The rising nationalism everywhere, the loss of European prestige, the many international conferences at which the leaders meet, culminating in the Asian Relations Conference, are other contributing factors. For the moment, dividing elements between the countries of the region are almost as strong as unifying ones ; most potential members of a federation are preoccupied with internal problems ; and Chinese and Indian expansionism, a most powerful motive behind federation, remains in the background. Practical effects of federation discussions exhaust themselves mostly in demands for and lending of occasional help to individual freedom. But the pattern of a south-eastern Asiatic regionalism can be distinguished and the time of its full realization cannot be far distant. It may eventually be the answer to the imperialistic ambitions of either European or Asiatic powers.

## ISRAEL .

BY KEITH SCOTT WATSON

WHEN the bronzed Jewish farmer points with pride to his waving corn fields and orange groves and says in his throaty Hebrew : " We have watered it with our sweat and our blood," he is stating a simple truth. For the settler on the land who works from day to night to prevent the desert from reclaiming the carefully watered farmlands, his problem is solved by breeding more cattle and planting more acres. But this is only a section of the task of putting a newly born State on its feet.

Now the land, sea and air blockade has disappeared, there is no other check on immigration than Israel's capacity to house and find employment for the tens of thousands of Jews who are eager to settle in their homeland. Already the main cities of Tel Aviv, Haifa and Jerusalem are dangerously overcrowded. New secondary towns are being built and canvas cities are 'mushrooming' along the coastal plain as the flood of immigrants continues.

The mazes of empty houses abandoned by the fleeing Arabs in Jaffa, Acre and elsewhere are being occupied by the newcomers. It is highly unlikely that their original owners will return. Much indignation has been expressed by those who claim to be loyal friends of the Arabs but it was largely due to their advice that the Arabs abandoned their homes and lands.

While the plight of the Arab refugees should inspire sympathy and help, it should not be overlooked that it was the Arabs who took up arms in face of the decision of the United Nations of which they themselves were members. In resorting to force to settle their dispute they lost far more than accepting partition peacefully would have entailed. Had the Jews been less determined and the Arabs more united, the fate of the Israelis would have been more terrible than is the lot of the Palestinian Arab to-day.

However many Arab houses the Jewish immigrants may occupy, the central problem remains—employment and the tremendous task of putting into operation the plan which is designed to convert the arid, hostile Negev desert into flourishing agricultural farmlands. At the same time there must be an enormous expansion of light industry as well as an increase of the citrus markets to prevent unemployment spreading in the towns. Israel's socialist Prime Minister and his cabinet have drawn up a four year plan which envisages the



settling of a million immigrants either in essential industries or on the land. Its basis is the irrigation of the Negev and necessitates the placing of the whole population on an austerity footing that will make Britain's simple life appear luxurious by comparison.

The Jewish Trade Union Council, the *Histadruth*, which forms a state within the State rather like the British T.U.C. within the Labour movement, are by far the most powerful political group inside Israel and they have given their backing to the four year plan. Although they accept the austerity scheme they will not agree to further wage cuts and the increased hours which the Prime Minister's right-wing supporters are demanding. For the present this does not present an urgent problem as a generous flow of financial contributions from world Jewry in general, and American Jewry in particular, helps to maintain Israel's living standard. Should the present recession in the United States deteriorate into a slump, then Israel together with every other State linked to Marshall Aid would face a severe crisis.

In considering the future development of Israel, first in importance must come the Negev, which Ben Gurion told me he regarded as "the lung of Israel." One of the main issues in the Anglo-Jewish conflict has been that ham-shaped wilderness in southern Palestine stretching up to the Sinai and the Suez canal. At first it is hard to understand the opposition of the British Foreign Office to anyone foolhardy enough to tackle this desolate wasteland. One reason may have been the report that there are rich oil deposits located around the Djebel Isdud.

A secondary objection to the settling of the Negev was a military one. This, argued certain highly placed military experts, would bring "a potentially hostile power within rifle shot of the Suez canal." Just how seriously this view is entertained was shown by the sending of R.A.F. planes on operational flights over the Israeli lines in the recent fighting. This and other actions are dismissed as examples of Mr. Bevin's alleged anti-Semitism; another of the oversimplifications of which the Jews are so often guilty. These acts are part of a definite policy and as future relations between Israel and Britain will be influenced by our Middle East policy, it is worth examining.

Pandit Nehru's recent statement that Africa is nearing a grave political crisis has been clear to all who have seen the fantastic poverty and complete lack of social justice which characterizes every Middle Eastern Arab State to-day. Egypt presents the classical Marxist textbook example of a State ripe for violent upheaval. Syria, Lebanon, Iraq and Iran are in a similar state. Britain has been quite justified in preparing to meet this threat but her methods have been inept; our diplomacy has tended to bring the danger nearer.

Although Communism is at present held in check by the influence

of Islam's Vatican, the Al Azhar, headed as it is by one of King Farouk's nominees, a storm could gather overnight that would sweep away the old and corrupt order. How real this crisis is has been shown by the fact that even the ultra-conservative Moslem Brotherhood which reached a position of power thanks to subsidies from the Pashas and foreign business interests in Egypt, has had to be suppressed owing to the infiltration of what Al Ahram, the *Times* of Egypt, calls "communist tendencies".

It has been the fear that a dominantly left-wing Jewish republic may provide the yeast that will complete this Middle East ferment, which has strongly influenced the British Foreign Office's attitude to the whole Palestine problem. Just as the select little group of Middle East "experts" favoured the shortsighted course of supporting a feudal autocracy as obsolete as pterodactyls, so they condemned out of hand the highly individualistic Jewish communal settlers as "communists". This, by the way, was never the view of such practical imperialists as Winston Churchill and Field Marshal Smuts. However, the view was and still apparently is, to keep a *cordon sanitaire* drawn between Israel and Egypt.

It was no desire to twist the British lion's tail that sent the first truckloads of Jewish pioneers into the Negev. This desert is the only area capable of housing the stream of landless immigrants. It is a forbidding prospect to the newly arrived European Jew. Roads are few. The wastes of sand dunes are marked by goat and camel tracks as indistinct as small veins. But under the barren hills with their thorny scrub sprouting like a five-day beard, are buried such forgotten civilizations as the ancient city of Lachish. Where yesterday the only human life was an occasional cluster of Bedouin black tents spread like bats' wings, thousands of young men and girls are sinking wells and cementing great rain traps.

Eighteen months ago I stood on the flat roof of an Arab house in Beersheba. Its owner, a local Sheikh, was helping in the Government campaign to keep out the plague that was killing thousands every week in Egypt. While everyone was checked at the quarantine stations, it was feared that smugglers might bring in the germs with their contraband goods and arms. He spread out his hennaed palms towards the forbidding wilderness of the Negev: "I am not afraid of this danger, nothing can live here, not even the plague itself, *ham'd ul Illah!*" To-day whole areas of these deadlands are being brought to life. Jewish troops resting on the frontiers set by the recent armistice agreements spend their free time helping the new settler build a home of tin and planks. Military bulldozers level out hills and clear the loose sand from the arable subsoil.

Here as elsewhere in Palestine the physical problem is linked to the political. No real development is possible in the Negev until a



lasting settlement has been reached with Transjordan and the waters of the Jordan river can be tapped to irrigate the parched soil. This fact among a host of others underlines the need for the new Israel to be on good terms with her Arab neighbours. The Arabs too have much to gain from peaceful collaboration with the Jews, who are bringing a higher standard of living than the Middle East has ever seen.

The greatest hindrance to an early settlement is the position of the 500,000 displaced Palestinian Arabs now squatting on both sides of the Jordan. Even if the Israeli Government wished to take them back to their old homes it is unlikely they could do so at the present moment. Those Arabs who remained behind have now become Israeli citizens and have their own deputies in the State parliament. The Jewish Trade Union Council has insisted that Jew and Arab receive equal pay for equal work and will not allow cheap labour to be employed. While this means that Israel's Arab workers are better paid than ever in their lives before, it also excludes the possibility of Arab workers returning to swell an already over-crowded labour market.

So far the Israeli Government has behaved admirably towards its 120,000 strong Arab minority. Schools have reopened, all religious worship is allowed and encouraged by the Jews, and a group of young Arabs run a daily paper in Jaffa which has considerable freedom of expression. The bulk of the Arabs remaining in Israel are bitterly opposed to their old leaders whom with some reason they accuse of having betrayed their cause.

Weeks before the British withdrawal and the Arab offensive, the well-to-do Arabs of Jaffa, Haifa and Jerusalem locked up their houses and moved their wives and families to the safer and more congenial areas of Cairo, Alexandria and the Lebanon. One rich young Arab, a member of the Mufti's family, told me over luncheon in Jaffa: "You know I have no love for the Jews, but I am too civilized to want to see the butchery when our troops take Tel Aviv. We shall come back when it is all over and the streets are clean." Whoever may return to Jaffa the old Arab leaders will not be among them. Less concerned with wealth and social standing than the British administration they have replaced, the Israeli Government is now building up progressive young Arabs to positions of importance.

All Arab builders, fishermen, dock workers and agricultural labourers are now organized in trade unions and affiliated to the central *Histadruth*. But perhaps one of the most far-seeing moves is the insistence on a full education for the Arab girls and women in Israel—for the first time in their history Arab women voted. Both Arabic and Hebrew are compulsory in the State schools as the Government is determined that racial and religious feuds shall never again

flare up out of the ignorance of an illiterate people.

At this stage it is pertinent to inquire just how strong and for how long is the present liberal socialist régime likely to dominate the political scene in Israel. The MAPAI, which closely resembles the British Labour Party, holds a bare majority of the seats in the Tel Aviv parliament. Ben Gurion, who is as strongly anti-communist as Ernest Bevin, whom he closely resembles in temper, must depend either on the MAPAM, the extreme left-wing of Israel labour, or on the clerical-conservative group, the *Mizrahi*.

Apart from Israel being set down for Marshall Aid, its economic lifeline is the dollar contribution from the United States. Should Israel either in her internal régime or in her foreign policy favour Soviet Communism, then the whole State could be threatened with economic extinction by cutting off the vital flow of dollars which are the manna of 1949. Officially Ben Gurion keeps a neutral policy between the eastern and western blocks but his opponents claim his Government has agreed to United States warships using the splendid natural harbour of Haifa and the military airfields in event of war with Russia.

The changed attitude of the Soviet delegate at UNO towards the new State Russia did so much to sponsor, is an indication of her chilly reaction towards Israeli foreign policy. This may sharpen the internal conflict, as the same division which marks French and Italian politics is now appearing. For the Jewish people the founding of their State has meant the gradual disappearance of the neurosis of a landless people—a normalization. This has produced both good and bad effects.

One unsavoury offshoot of the wave of national consciousness has been a chauvinistic group with all the racial hatred and intolerance of Aryan Fascism. Such is the Irgun Zwi Leumi, a paramilitary group whose storm troopers carried out a violent campaign of terrorism. Their backers are wealthy Jewish industrialists in Israel and the United States. It was the Irgun that planned and carried out the brutal massacre of Deir Yassin. Their policy is frankly expansionist and their "future State" includes Transjordan. The Irgun's war record was not a brilliant one and their present standing is low. However, should a serious economic crisis emerge they might make a successful bid for power. Their strongly anti-left policy has won them certain supporters in the United States.

To-day the Israeli Government is moving to the right as its dependence on outside aid becomes more apparent. Most of the Jewish politicians are realistic enough to understand that a small struggling State isolated in a sea of hostile Arab countries must depend to some extent on one of the three world powers, the United States, Great Britain or the Soviet Union.



Up to 1946 the majority of the Jewish people would have preferred Great Britain to have filled the rôle of benevolent collaborator. At the end of the 1939-45 war an influential group wanted Israel to enter the Commonwealth on similar terms to Ceylon's. Britain was offered airstrips in the Negev and the full use of Haifa as an oil refinery and a naval base. This was refused as it would have meant abandoning the White Paper policy and recognizing a Jewish State. As the second largest dollar producing State in the Empire, Israel would have handed over this valuable world currency in exchange for British sterling. Those officials of the Mandatory Government who resisted the prevailing anti-Jewish attitude which characterized the last stages of the British administration, will testify to the once solid pro-British feeling among a large part of the Jewish population, which reached its zenith when the Labour Government was elected. To-day the position is quite different. Those who remember Britain with affection as the only country in the world to offer the Jewish people a homeland are giving way to a younger and tougher generation. The terrible siege of Jerusalem with its culminating month of day and night bombardment, during which the civilian population existed almost without food or water in the heat of summer, had a lasting effect. The modern city with its white apartment blocks and red-tiled villas was raked with high explosive shells from British 25 pounders fired by the Arab Legion. More than a thousand non-combatants, many of them women and children, were killed.

Thus the two potential political godfathers are either Russia or the United States. For ideological as well as economic reasons the Israeli State will orientate its policy towards the western bloc. Although the Arabs and their supporters have repeatedly raised the cry that the immigrants from Europe are "communists" sent as a Trojan horse of the Kremlin, this is not borne out by the facts.

While the stream of immigrants is possibly peppered with a few trained Soviet agents, the bulk of the would-be settlers are religious peasants and small artisans. These Jews have little love for the Soviets and a religious dislike for the godless marxists. Already the clerical influence is making itself felt throughout Israel in a series of prohibitions. Pork is as rigorously banned in Tel Aviv as it is in Mecca, although about fifty per cent. of the citizens would enjoy ham or a slice of bacon. The ban on travel during Sabbath period has taken off all buses and trains although the transport workers union were quite ready to take passengers to the coast or countryside for their day of rest. The rich have their cars while the middle classes can take a taxi. About four-fifths of the people are immobilized on their one free day.

Boats in the newly formed Israeli merchant navy must carry a

rabbi whose task it is to see that the cook's galley is kept suitably *kosher*. A topical proof of this strength is the admitting of Mr. Stanley after the Israeli Cabinet had publicly stated he would not be allowed to stay. Here the right-wing Irgun and the religious groups forced Ben Gurion to capitulate. The socialist press have protested and demanded Mr. Stanley be sent to do his first day's clean work in farming the Negev.

So archaic and medieval are these extreme orthodox Jews that I have seen bearded old men sitting themselves down before the Jewish armoured cars moving to relieve a hard pressed position on the Sabbath. The fact that an Arab break-through would have occasioned a general massacre did not seem to occur to them at all.

While the Jewish people have given a series of great men to the struggle for human advancement throughout the centuries, the Jews themselves tend to go back to the defenders of the Temple and to the grim prophets of the Old Testament for their national heroes. This gives the clerical party a historical prestige in this period of nationalist fervour even among the agnostics. Another reason is that as long as the two factions of left and right jockey for power and position the religious party holds the balance of power with only 13.05 electoral strength. However, this rôle cannot last long. The present sensational victory for Jewish arms has provided enough heroes and the modern Israelis have given scores of martyrs.

It is unlikely that the United States, which will now play a dominant rôle in influencing the foreign policy of Israel, will repeat the tragic error of mistaking the democratic socialism of her trade unions and collective farms for advance positions of Soviet communism.

Israel is unique in that it has achieved statehood at a time when the school book of recent history is spread out before it. The late Doctor Judah Magnes, a distinguished scholar and a great humanist told me :

I hope you will not consider it arrogance when I say that I hope and believe my people who have suffered so terribly in the conflicts which divide mankind, may show a way in which a new and juster society can be arrived at without loss of human liberties.

Born at a time of world crisis Israel will need all the talent and resources of its people. Within their tiny borders they may yet give an example to the outside world of how apparently irreconcilable forces may work together for the common good.

*(Between 1941-1946 the author was an Allied Press Correspondent in Egypt and a Lecturer in Modern History at the University of Cairo. Until recently he was Publications Officer to the Palestine Government and lived in Jerusalem throughout the siege.)*



## CONFUSION IN CARINTHIA

BY ANNE DACIE

FROM Klagenfurt, capital of Carinthia, an Austrian Province that remains in the British Zone until the signing of the peace treaty, the Karawanken mountains can be seen standing as a natural barrier between Austria and Yugoslavia. Marshal Tito, modifying his previous claims for a new frontier line, has recently asked for an autonomy on behalf of 120,000 Slovenes living between the shingle-bedded river Drau (Drava) south of Klagenfurt and the snow-peaked ranges of the Karawanken. Austrians deny the need for such an autonomy on the argument that not more than 40,000 peasants live in the district who are Slovene in origin, and that only one per cent. of a mixed population wish for any rectification of the frontier in favour of Yugoslavia, or for an autonomous State within the Austrian frontiers.

The area claimed varies from five to 25 miles in width and consists of agricultural land, meadows and woods bordered by the Karawanken, which is quite uncultivable and ranges up to 2,000 m. or 6,000ft. Three passes lead from the area to Yugoslavia : (1) the Wurzner Pass (1,073 m.) with roads running southwards to the isolated mountain village of Trenta, westwards to the Italian frontier at Tarvisio, and eastwards through Jesenice to Ljubljana ; (2) the Loibl Pass (1,366 m.) leading southwards to Ljubljana and (3) the Seeburg Pass (1,759m.) with a road going through Kranj to Ljubljana. These are the only passes connecting Carinthia with Yugoslavia over a formidable mountain wall. The only valleys which are not snow-bound and impassable six months of the year run from Styria, an area not claimed by Yugoslavia.

Unfortunately, irresponsible statements are made which bear no relation to geographic facts, and ethnic considerations are not always studied in conjunction with Church records. In 1922 a map was authorized to show the boundaries of the various parishes in the Bishopric of Klagenfurt, also known as the Bishopric of Gurk. Without the knowledge of the Bishop, however, the map was printed in Vienna three years later marking not only the boundaries of parishes but also indicating nationality. A letter was promptly issued from the office of the Bishop denying the authorization of a map which raised disputes of nationality and stating that the method of showing information was misleading. Villages known to be

German had been included in boundaries marked as Slovene—for example, Pörschach on the north bank of the Wörther See, and Maria Saal north of Klagenfurt. Districts where the population was mixed had also been marked as Slovene. This map was withdrawn but later was again officially repudiated from the office of the Bishop on February 12, 1931, by a Dr. Jaksch (under ref. 2869) as against the concern of the Catholic Church with spiritual welfare and not with nationality. In April 1948 the map reappeared, printed in London, and has been undoubtedly used to give credence to Yugoslav claims that the district north of the Karawanken is predominantly Slovene. How true are these claims to nationality?

During the period of the great migrations of the sixth century, Slovenes settled around the river Drau in the Klagenfurt basin. They were peasants taking advantage of land able to support them with good soil, timber, and ideal hunting and fishing. In the eighth century the district was overrun by German barons, the aristocrats of the Slovenes were killed, and by a steady infiltration of German colonists the population became mixed. The language of commerce and that of the towns—built by the Germans—became German. Peasants living as smallholders spoke their native tongue which became a dialect mixed with words of Celtic origin and German expressions, to be found mostly in mountain districts. Separated by geographic boundaries from the Slovenes who settled south of the Karawanken, the Slovene dialect in Carinthia has to-day little resemblance to the language of Slovenia. Classical Slovene is spoken only in Church services—Slovene priests being taught it as well as Latin and German in the seminaries. There are seven Slovene dialects known locally as '*Windische*'. Villagers from the districts in the Drau valley do not understand each other when they go to market, unless they also speak German, nor sermons preached in classical Slovene. Many families, of course, calling themselves German are of Slovene origin. Anyone wishing to improve his station in life migrated to the towns, where ambition and provincial snobbery neglected the language of origin. Both inter-marriage and inbreeding have long been a feature of Carinthia.

Statistics show that 40 per cent. of the births are illegitimate to-day in a province where tolerance has been exercised by the priests who are aware that economic reasons frequently delay marriage. The peasants living south of the river Drau have to send their cattle in the summer to the mountain pasture lands north of Klagenfurt, through the annual need to conserve the local grazing land, and young men in search of agricultural work cannot afford to settle down. The area claimed for autonomy by Yugoslavia is dependent on Klagenfurt as its natural market-town; the capital of Carinthia, with a population of 67,000, and dependent on the local produce, is within reach



of every rural district in the disputed area by not more than an hour's journey by lorry, and four hours by horse and cart.

But if the problem of nationality is considered locally of little importance to that of livelihood, the Yugoslavs have had a certain justification for their claims to include the Karawanken mountains within their own frontiers for strategic reasons. Klagenfurt is a radiating centre of communication and though Trieste was used as the principal centre on the German supply route to the Balkans, South Slavs do not forget that pan-Germanism was responsible for the occupation of Yugoslavia. (The Serbs in particular have reason to fear pan-Germanism.) There was a resurgence of Slovene nationalistic feeling during the war in the mixed areas of Carinthia, when the teaching and speaking of the Slovene dialects were forbidden, the majority of the population being in sympathy with the Partisans of Yugoslavia. In consequence, 297 Slovene families were deported to Germany in April 1942. Over a thousand peasants were killed and wounded, and several hundreds imprisoned or sent to concentration camps, of whom quite a number were German-speaking. Owing to the geographic position of Carinthia as a tableland surrounded by mountains, local resistance was not strong, though of sufficient importance for British liaison officers to be parachuted into the area during the winter of 1944-1945.

Yugoslav claims on ethnic grounds cannot, however, be supported by the local Church records except by the juggling of statistics. As an example, recent Yugoslav propaganda leaflets state that the 1910 Church annals (*Gestlicher Personalstand der Diözese Gurk*) described Carinthia as a compact Slovene province, giving statistics considerably favouring Slovene nationality. But an impartial observer on examining these records must come to the conclusion that the estimate reached had included all the Catholics in the various parishes who had attended Church services where the sermon was preached in Slovene as well as in German, as against those where the sermon was only given in German, and that the figures given in the Yugoslav leaflets refer to the number of Catholics and not to nationality. Inaccuracy in detail has not helped Yugoslav propaganda in Carinthia, for the peasants have a long-rooted belief in the honesty of the Catholic priests. (There are only 30,000 Protestants in the whole of Carinthia, with a population of 510,000 including 30,000 displaced persons.) On Sundays the churches are crowded, sermons in German being apparently the most popular.

Accurate figures as to the exact number of peasants wishing for autonomy as a Slovene State are difficult to obtain ; probably there are not more than 4,000 with the figure steadily dwindling, 25 per cent. of the former 'Windische' Partisans being said to have supported Cominform policy against Marshal Tito, though few people are

communists in Carinthia today. Of the 36 deputies in the Carinthian Diet there are 18 Socialists, 14 Austrian People's Party (O.V.P.), one Democrat (under a cloud) and 3 Communists; Slovenes as well as Austrians having representatives of German-speaking origin. The President, Herr Ferdinand Wedenig, is a Slovene himself, bitterly labelled "fascist" by Yugoslav propaganda. Political meetings already in full swing for the coming autumn elections indicate a slight increase in socialist votes. Under British occupation all parties have been permitted their own newspapers—the socialist *Neiuseit* and more conservative O.V.P. *Volkzeitung* both having a circulation of 40,000, and the communist *Volkwille* a losing 7,000. The pro-Tito *Slovenski Vestnik* continually attacks British military occupation, and also the leading Austrian personalities in the Government. This paper denies that any freedom has been given to Carinthian Slovenes by the British authorities and insists that "freedom-loving" people are imprisoned without cause and war criminals left unpunished. All this is grossly untrue. Thousands of ex-Nazi sympathisers have been tried in British military courts and punished, including SS. Col. Maier-Kaibitch, a citizen of Klagenfurt who was directly responsible to Himmler for the deportation of Slovene families and the giving of their farms to German-speaking families imported from German communities living near Tarvisio on the Italian frontier and in the South Tyrol. The Slovenes returned at the end of the war, getting back their farms and also several thousand *schellings* paid to them as compensation by the Austrian Government, while the Germans became D.P.'s. As for the "freedom-loving", they are frequently found to be D.P.'s coming into the area through Styria, common criminals, or professional thugs taking advantage of ideology.

The Klagenfurt radio issues a daily bulletin in Slovene, and frequent programmes of Slovene folk-songs. Bilingual schools have been instituted by the British military authorities since the autumn term of 1945. I have been visiting some of the bilingual schools where a portrait of the Austrian Premier, and a crucifix are prominent. Instruction is given in the local dialect and then repeated in German. Children of German-speaking families now have to learn the local dialect, not without protest from their parents. (There are 96 bilingual schools out of a total 105.) The teaching of classical Slovene in the schools would set a major problem. There are few trained teachers in the area, and lessons in classical Slovene would make big demands on children having to learn two languages simultaneously—the mental ability of the children in the mixed areas is not high, due to a low standard of living among agricultural labourers, a general lack of money and food since 1945 (though considerably improved during the last year) and through centuries



of inbreeding.

The question of bilingual schools in Carinthia is by no means simple, and cannot be compared to that of the Slovenes living as a minority 135 kms. away in Trieste Free Territory. (The Church records in a port which was once the "Gateway to Austria" make interesting study.) Under Anglo-American guidance Slovene children in Trieste now have their schools, which were denied to them under the twenty-five years of Italian rule, and though there is a lack of teachers, buildings and room space, there is no problem here of language or books. Since 1946, 35 textbooks in Slovene have been printed and published in an area where three years ago Slovene teachers and children were being stoned on their way to school by communist agitators or neo-fascists (frequently the same people). Five more text books are now in preparation and Italian professors are being as co-operative to their Slovene colleagues as their predecessors were destructive. This co-operation is not shared by the local Italians who grumble that Slovenes are now taking away classrooms needed for Italians.

But it is difficult to foresee how the Austrian authorities can give that same degree of help or achieve the same success on behalf of Slovenes in Carinthia unless Marshal Tito himself opens the door across the Karawanken for free cultural exchange between the Slovenes living each side of the mountain that looms geographically like a natural "iron" curtain. At present contact is left to refugees trickling through and by those who risk their lives to visit friends and relations, and Yugoslav propaganda does little to dispel the anxiety that cultural exchange under Yugoslav terms would be a cloak for constant agitation. The door may be opening, however, over the question of trade and the need in both countries for industrial imports and exports. Half the population of Carinthia is now engaged in industry, a fact which runs parallel with Marshal Tito's Five Year Plan in a country where industry provided employment for not more than 15 per cent. in 1939. Technical training for the young has now become a vital necessity. Craftsmanship is a common feature among the peasants of both countries tending now to look for employment in the towns in areas where agricultural labourers are redundant. Local craftsmanship is easily discerned by the goods on sale in Carinthian shops, and by a visit to Trieste Slovene schools the creative ability of the Yugoslavs is clearly apparent to those who are unable to obtain a visa for a visit to Yugoslavia. The knitted lace-work of elaborate design and the carpentry tools, chairs, kitchen stoves, and wooden cradles that are made by children of average ability attending industrial schools in Trieste are matched by the streamlined prams, the shoes made from old pieces of cotton and serge material, and the hand-made cutting machine produced out of

salvage in the apprentice workshops of a Yugoslav D.P. Camp in Carinthia. Craftsmanship through an open door would certainly increase the profits of trade across the Karawanken. Marshal Tito has much to gain by a gesture towards the Austrians that would liquidate the present political and religious fears as well as the bitterness, owing to which Yugoslav D.P. children are training for Australian and Canadian workshops instead of for those of their own home-towns. Already the prestige of the Yugoslav Premier has increased enormously among the Austrians who would welcome a return of the refugees and who admire his courage as a leader of rebellion provided, of course, he remains at a safe distance on the south side of the Karawanken.

Drought is another common feature. The rivers on the frontier already are now narrow threads of water trickling through beaches of pebble. The Austrians have started a big scheme in Vienna for electric power production and though home requirements come first in the need to expand industry, electrify the railways, and bring light and power to remote mountain villages, they plan hydro-electric stations that could be linked with the 21 stations now under construction in Yugoslavia and the 59 stations planned by Italy linking Italian water power to Sicily in one long grid. Meanwhile Carinthia is supplying Yugoslavia with the paper containers so badly needed for the export of cement bricks. The only cellulose-producing factories of Yugoslavia were destroyed in the war. Steel products cannot be made until the Yugoslav iron-ore furnaces are rebuilt.

The Carinthians are law-abiding, peace-loving, and tolerant by nature, but they will certainly object to false maps discrediting Catholic priests and old Church records. Throughout the mountains on the south the withdrawal of some of the leaflets and maps recently being circulated would do much to remove any possibility of pan-Germanism once more finding a channel towards the east through Austria. At present goodwill and the benefits of federalism are being energetically prescribed in Carinthia; it would be a pity if they remained as dry as the river Drau. Maps and text-books are needed in the schools, but it is quite useless to print them as if there were no dialects and as if the Karawanken were not within sight of every peasant who lives in charming wooden huts built at an angle on rough roads beside it. They are poor huts, and the life in them is primitive. It will remain primitive until progress brings width to the passes, a common language in the schools, and a prosperity to match the richness of the painting to be seen in the frescoes of the pink-walled rectangular shrines with neat thatched roofs that are such a common feature in the mixed areas of Carinthia.



## HUMAN PASSION AND WORLD PEACE

BY RANYARD WEST

THE tragic paradox of the life of our world to-day is that the thing for which we strive eludes us. As a general proposition this is not a new one. Some of our saddest human thought, some of our greatest literature has been upon just this theme of the appearance of a malignant fate baulking man's best efforts *ad hoc*, a fate which suddenly sets him reeling just when his feet seem firmly planted upon the road of heart's desire. Nor has human thought and great literature been free of the haunting deeper dread, the niggling doubt, the sudden flash of light—that it is we ourselves who often defeat ourselves, that what we strive with is so often our own shadows, and that it is they who suddenly lay us in our turn upon the grass.

It is to the thought of the last fifty years that we owe a clearer enlightenment which we must no longer shun ; thought fed upon observations hammered out inexorably and with pain by one great inquirer. Sigmund Freud of Vienna was as obsessed a man as Jean Jacques Rousseau and is destined to be as great a revolutionary. He is the real source of our discovery of man's thwarting self by the road of psycho-analysis.

It is more than time for psycho-analysis to cease to be a cult, at least in the social and political implications of some of its surest truths. Among Freud's great sticks of dynamite was this contribution to knowledge :

Men are not gentle friendly creatures wishing for love, who simply defend themselves if they are attacked. A powerful measure of desire for aggression has to be reckoned as part of their instinctual endowment . . . All the institutions and laws of civilization are directed to protect it against the normal individual.

This finding, not undreamt of by earlier philosophers, is confirmed by the many "analysts" and the more ordinary members of the profession who have tried to cure the fears, obsessions and prejudices of their patients by discovering what unconscious motives and misapprehensions lie behind them. Both in the treating of patients and in the training analysis of "normal" students we discover how very often the mind is divided, deceives itself, and does in fact oppose by its own deep and contrary passions the course chosen

by its more rational "self". The results show clearly enough upon the surface of our lives. A man, obsessed at once by vanity and the best intentions, invites an attractive and unsuitable woman friend to keep his wife company throughout the lonely winter evenings, and "has to" drive the lady home afterwards, with wholly avoidable results . . . A woman forces her husband to beat her, hate himself in consequence, and take to drink, all so that she can forgive him — and very likely she loses him into the bargain . . . The devoted administrator must give all his time to managing a difficult staff, when he might have found it an easy staff and thus achieved his ostensible aim instead of enjoying the luxury of a nervous breakdown from tension and failure. Which did he really want, the holiday in bed fussed over by his wife and nurses, or the success of his enterprise? Which indeed! "I do not wish to appear eristic," says a noble lord in the Proper Place. He does wish to appear both learned and eristic, and to be forgiven for being both. Human motives conflict, the conscious with the unconscious, the unconscious with itself. A great deal of undesirable tension is thereby generated.

The unconscious drives of normal man include vanity, the desire for love upon our own terms, to have our cake and eat it. How often is it Freudian "aggression" that we desire? Often it is something much vaguer than that. When the quiet man in the orchestra raises the trumpet to his lips, when the Lowland Scot hits his golf ball hard and far, through all the chain of sports, in the final overturning of a barrow-load of leaves on to the manure heap, there runs the satisfaction of a deep instinct of "There! that's *done* it." The emotion behind the final thrust is a complicated build-up of striving, uncertainty and anxiety. The catharsis should be satisfying of all that has gone before. Man is by nature striving, uncertain, combative, vanquished, and gloriously victorious. He belongs to a species whose existence is fraught with risk and danger to life, attaining security only by effort. That effort, often enough in his history, has had to be a violent one. Suppose it is no longer a game that we play. Suppose that we have an enemy, or see an enemy before us: for when we strive for anything seriously, we find plenty of candidates for slight misunderstandings. Suppose, further, as so often happens, that there is a sort of King Charles's Head that always gets mixed up with our enterprises: we cannot stand aspiring subordinates, or bullying chiefs, or women-like-mother about us. Then suppose, which, alas, is also often true, that we *must have* bullying chiefs, or women-like-mother about us; that we attract such figures on to the stage of our lives, angle for them, invite their most detested qualities—then finally feel the urgent need to end our troubles with one great destructive effort, against something. In the civilized businessman that last desire—for really destructive violence



—is often deeply repressed. Instead there is internal tension. Or he may be seized with a worried melancholy, he cannot face the world, dare not contemplate his life in it. He tortures himself instead of his adversary, and suffers a “nervous breakdown”.

We approach the problem of control. The primitive and disturbing passions of individuals find a three-fold control in conscience, public opinion and the law. Conscience works from within upon every trained citizen. Public opinion operates in continual correction from without. And whenever necessary the law controls the more flagrantly aggressive manifestations of our passions, usually preventing them through our mere awareness of its presence.

Group passion is a more serious affair than individual passion, primarily because our first ravings of thwarted rage or lunacy (“Do you see what a nasty face X has?”) do not find the answer “Nonsense!” but “Of course!” The problem of controlling the isolated passion of self-righteous men is the problem of controlling an isolated lunacy (or in milder language a peculiar prejudice) in a man with a trained social conscience; opposing it in its early stages by sweet reasonableness, backed later, if need be, by force. The problem of controlling group passion is the problem of controlling a *shared* and so a greater lunacy by much more naked force. Trade unions have had to be controlled by force; so also capitalists; perhaps very nearly doctors; each in their times of megalomania. The machinery of control may be simple or complicated and its essential requirements are two: that the emergence of opposing passion on the part of the greater society is avoided (and with it the risk of its involvement in a counter-lunacy obviated) by rules laid down in advance, applied by officers trained and appointed for their purpose. Established law, impartial judge, trained police, these are among the essential machinery of civilization. Our police are carefully trained to arrest with minimum violence; our judges are trained to set aside their prejudices in favour of the law as it is laid down; and the law itself is laid down in the light of previous experience, yet well in advance of the serious occasions of its testing times ahead. One other requirement is forthcoming. In any organized society such as we take as our model for world order the citizens still have their social consciences and the public are trained to accept without demur the decision of the courts.

There ought to be no mystery about the public conscience. Like horse and dog, man is a domestic animal apt to be trained to social service. Define his community and you elicit his loyalty to it. His nature appears to justify the modern democratic assumption about popular consent: that our law can be at once adequate, impartial and democratic because most men usually wish to obey it; there is behind it the constant force of a majority whose actual composition

is ever changing. The erring minority may contain you to-day and me tomorrow, but it will continue to remain a minority.

Does the psychology of Freud justify us in such assumptions ? By Freud's own *obiter dicta*, no. He thought, Germanically, of society as consisting of huge crowds being kept in order by "appalling force" which he found "undeniably a grand project." But the findings of his science as employed by himself and others have yielded an unending mixture of two opposing traits from within the human heart ; one an impulse to dominate, with universal self-assertion and ready aggressiveness at thwarting ; the other an impulse to co-operate, a "social instinct", with loyalty, self-denial and support for society, if need be against self. Freud himself gave continuous priority to the self-assertive aggressiveness. Some of us now believe that we have good evidence that he did so because of an unanalysed personal bias in his own passionate nature. Other analysts, such as Ian Suttie (in *The Origins of Love and Hate*), have been swayed the other way and report a predominance of loving co-operation yielding aggressiveness only upon thwarting. The inescapable truths are two : one that, psycho-analytically, man's nature is deeply divided and confused between two opposing motives ; the other that, politically observed, the co-operative instinct *seems* to win in most men at most times in all well-established communities of socially well-trained citizens.

All this is true of man in an organized and civilized society, trained from cradlehood to be a good family man and a decent and respectable citizen. He succeeds in being both these things—usually. The law is there to help him—occasionally. Unfortunately our world community is not yet an organized society but only in early process of becoming one. Men are not yet trained from cradlehood to be loyal to the United Nations, though many men and women swore and have maintained to a high degree, an adult loyalty to it and to its predecessor the League of Nations. We shall be adequately trained some day. But our need and our inquiry are immediate : how to bring that day near ? How to bridge the gap till it comes ? How in fact are we to deal realistically and effectively with the ill-established ill-assorted society which the world community still is ? A community in which it is impossible to divide a majority of sheep from a minority of goats, or only possible subjectively, by making the sheep and the goats change places with the view-point of the observer !

The educational factor though quickly passed over in this article, is none the less important. And since education depends not least upon the fluctuating and transferable emotion of loyalty, with its natural and "instinctive" propensity for the strong, it may be possible to induce an altered frame of mind very much more rapidly



than has been thought, once world order gains its symbols and still more when it achieves its power.

The bridging of the gap between loyal communities in a divided world and the inception of world order is, however, the direct and chief concern of this article. The remedies appear to the writer to be institutional and, in brief summary, for the following reasons. First because human nature *is* naturally susceptible of external control, expects it and can readily adjust itself to a change in the directing authority. Parents, school, national government, world government, lie psychologically along a straightforward progression. Secondly, because machinery for the control of recalcitrant minorities, without prior assumptions as to who these minorities shall be, is a well established model, a going concern, in all existing civilized democratic communities. The machinery of municipal law is a tried machinery which works. It would seem to follow that, since loyalty is a strong passion with a variable object, loyalty to the world community only awaits the effective creation of the institutions of world community ; namely the institutions of world law and world government.

The admitted failure of the two first attempts at world order of our twentieth century appears to the present writer to be due only to one thing—that they did not transfer authority and power to the world community through an institution which represented that community and could elicit the loyalty of its members. The League of Nations rested not upon the faith that men would support a central authority which would act effectively for the general good, but rather upon the faith that men would *act* together though their loyalty remained enshrined in different States with divergent interests and their power remained vested in the national governments of those diverse States. It was a fatal assumption ; although, with leadership and common interests which were clear and unimpeachable, the League might have survived to re-create itself effectively. The United Nations on the other hand, started with the assumption that the few governments which represented the greatly predominant power of the world when they *did* act together, from common interest, in 1941-1945 would go on acting together under wholly different circumstances, despite the very evident divergence of their natural aims and interests. One must ask leave to call this a very foolish assumption.

The institutions of world government are simply the institutions of any government—of good government, that is to say, as it has been tried and has worked through the centuries behind us. Those institutions are necessarily four : (1) a *central legislature* with control of the essentials of law, order and good government. History tells us that such a legislature should not only be democratically conceived but also that it should be progressively democratic in its composition

if it is to maintain its continuity far into the future. The Assemblies of the League and the United Nations have surpassed in wisdom and cool judgment the Councils of both those bodies simply because they were more widely and less passionately representative. Though the Assembly of the United Nations is not representative enough, its power might usefully be increased. We are safer in its hands than in those of the passionate permanent Four and their fluctuating, make-weight colleagues of the Security Council ; (2) a *central executive* related to the legislature according to one of the best democratic models. These two institutions need (3), an *impartial judiciary* operating with the guidance of a well-drawn code, and (4) the certainty of sanctions in the institution of a centralized force, which, like any other police force, must secure the society which it serves, and all its institutions, against attack and guarantee the decisions of the executive and judiciary.

In cataloguing these institutions the writer has been formulating the psychological requirements of the government of mankind. His formulations do not pretend to be cast in legal terms, for which task he possesses no competency. They are, however, offered by a student of human nature equipped with the techniques of modern psychology and profoundly conscious of the challenge of our times. They appear to him to be at once well-based in human nature and the only possible road to world order and peace.

He would respectfully request our statesmen to take up this challenge and either to prove their denials of his prescriptions or else to endeavour to implement them forthwith. The latter task may not prove as difficult as our statesmen think if they will but enter upon it now. Many of their difficulties are due to the fact that, since each of them mistakes the normality of his opponents, they all seek solutions designed to keep those opponents in check whilst remaining free themselves. Such methods of thinking must have delayed human organization at every stage of progress, from village to commune, from barony to kingdom, from class-war to the democratic and socialist States of to-day. We cannot control the other party except by submitting to a like control of ourselves. Our statesmen must bind the world to law. The law they create will bind their own peoples to security.

This remains to be said. Should anyone doubt the need for world government (perhaps few now do ?) let them look around them and note at how many points their own country has to be governed not by co-ordination but by external judgment and force superior to all groups. For the larger number who doubt the practicability of world government I would point to the controllability of mankind everywhere when the correct means of control are employed. Of those readers, perhaps the majority, who see world peace just round



the corner but who find it thwarted by the Russians, as their fathers found it thwarted by the Germans,\* the writer would ask this final question. If there is always the "other fellow", and he always happens to share the power of the world about equally with ourselves and our friends and numbers his millions as we do, is it not time to follow Thomas Hobbes and form a "Superior Force", not wholly composed of our friends, "to keep us all in awe"?

Why do our statesmen find it so difficult even to try this solution? Chiefly, we submit, because they cannot see the normality of their enemies' prejudices nor the reality of their own. Neither they nor we whom they serve are aware of the forceful contribution to war of our own unconscious aggressiveness. *Verbum sat sapienti!* Let them so act, and they may relieve our world of its present nightmare and misery for ever.

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\*Grotius, the "father of international law" and a Dutchman, found it thwarted by the Portuguese in 1625.

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## WORDS FOR A LITANY OF PEOPLES

BY G. ROSTREVOR HAMILTON

BEFORE we perish, and our ancient cities,  
 Before an end come,  
 Before we attain our own doom,  
 O Lord, deliver us  
 From the pride, the sin, the folly of our scheming :

From the enclosed intensity of passion  
 Set on our private gain,  
 Obscuring a whole world in pain :  
 From our iniquitous  
 Self-loving selves, past all but Thy redeeming,

Deliver us, O Lord. From the powers of darkness,  
 The blind and, worse than blind,  
 From the night-clear perverted mind :

From sanity's overthrow,  
Kindness of heart killed by the heart's treason :

From unseen evil presaging in voices  
That wail upon the air :  
From the wide rumour of despair :  
Lest terror's image grow  
In the multiplying mirror of unreason :

Lest the thin food of lies beget a famine  
And fever in the blood :  
Lest we, a ravening multitude,  
Fall to delirium :  
Lest such things be, for Thy love's sake and Thy pity's,

Deliver, O Lord, the kind and common people  
From all great men of State  
Who nurse a cold, a politic, hate—  
Before an end come,  
Before the shrivelling of our doomed cities.



## A PORTRAIT OF GANDHI

BY SIR FREDERICK WHYTE

THE saint in politics creates problems for secular mankind which no mundane machinery can ever successfully handle. When he descends into the political arena he throws the forces engaged in it into disarray by something too intangible to be called a factor, too unforeseeable to be gauged in advance. In a word, he is a foreign body that disturbs the normal operation of public life. In the political life of nationalist India during the past forty years Mahatma Gandhi was just such a foreign body. He was, moreover, in the strict sense of the word, irresponsible. He conceived it to be his mission to set forces in motion but always refused to accept responsibility for directing them to an appointed goal. His alternations between intervention and withdrawal made him the most baffling of men ; and we are still too near him in time, too much affected by the influence of his unique personality, to be able to pronounce the final judgment upon his career.

In fact, he was not an enigma, except to those (and there are too many such simpletons, especially in politics) who assume that all things and all men can be depicted in the simple severity of black and white. Gandhi was a problem, not only to Viceroy and to the managers of the Sawraj and Congress Parties, but also to himself. Of that we have ample evidence, not all of it carrying conviction, in his own book which he calls, *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*.\* In its pages we can hear Gandhi thinking aloud, now recalling the inner conflicts of his youth, and now describing (with some self-deception, one suspects) the motives which prompted his actions at many turns of his remarkable career. He is candid upon subjects which most autobiographers conceal, and this is most notable in his "confessions" on sex. He tells the story of his own development in a manner which will make this autobiography the main source from which his authentic biography will be drawn. His childhood and youth in which his mother played the strongest part, his father having died when Gandhi was sixteen years old ; his first visit to England when he wore well-cut clothes and endeavoured to acquire airs and graces by learning to dance ; his training in the law and the opportunity which, being a lawyer, came to him when he went to South Africa ; the

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\* *Autobiography*, by Mahatma Gandhi. Phoenix Press. 21s.

lessons he learned before, during, and after the South African War ; and his return to India to apply and intensify the methods of social action which he had first tried in defence of Indians in Natal.

Those who wish to appreciate the importance of Gandhi's experience in South Africa should read with care the account given by Mr. H. S. L. Polak in *Mahatma Gandhi*.<sup>\*</sup> Be it said at once that this volume is not the authentic 'Life' ; for, not only does it suffer from lack of form and unity through being the work of three different hands, but it can hardly be said even to attempt to paint the whole picture, background and foreground, central figure, "warts and all". But in Mr. Polak's chapters the South African apprenticeship is well described by one who was closely associated with Gandhi as his partner in law. Mr. Polak saw at first-hand how Gandhi was led by his intense sympathy with his ill-used fellow-countrymen in Natal to espouse their cause, how he realized that Indian rights could only be protected by British action, and how he came to see that something more than sober argument might be needed to achieve the desired result. The sober argument Gandhi presented in the first of his many writings, *The Indian Franchise : an Appeal to Every Briton in South Africa*. The "something more" he provided first by organizing the Indian community into a disciplined body such as it had never been before, and secondly by the master stroke of creating the Indian Ambulance Corps for service with the British forces in the Boer War. This is perhaps a fitting place to pause in order to recall the decisive fact in Gandhi's public career, that from the outset he knew that the English were a liberty-loving people, that the British political habit seemed to him better for any human purpose than any other, and that the British Constitution was as near the ideal form of government as man could reach in an imperfect world. In South Africa, as in India during later years, Gandhi saw himself, both in word and in deed, as one appealing to our better nature, being sure in his own mind that such an appeal, if rightly conceived and delivered, could not fail. What he did not realize was that, either by his own design, or by some fateful accident, he created dangerous situations to which "authority" could not turn a blind eye, or found himself embarked on a course of action which, in Mr. Brailsford's words, "no Government could possibly tolerate."

Once, on a Sunday afternoon in Simla, Motilal Nehru (father of Pandit Nehru, the Indian Prime Minister of to-day) said to me that Gandhi was a much greater problem to him than ever the behaviour of the Government of India could be. By this, doubtless, Pandit Motilal meant that Gandhi could (and did) give public affairs an impetus, or deflect them into some unforeseen course, without duly

<sup>\*</sup> *Mahatma Gandhi*, H. S. L. Polak, H. N. Brailsford and Lord Pethick-Lawrence. Odhams Press. 12s. 6d.



weighing the political or social consequences beforehand ; and that the Pandit himself, as the acknowledged parliamentary leader of nationalist India, was too often confronted with a situation, irresponsibly (the word is here deliberately chosen) created by Gandhi, which he was compelled to manage as best he could when, in his own judgment, the situation ought never to have been provoked. "I hope," said the elder Nehru to me on that Sunday afternoon twenty-five years ago, "I hope I am a good enough Hindu to understand the springs of thought in Gandhi's mind ; but I confess he baffles me sometimes. If only he were more of a saint and would stick to his saintly purpose, or more politically-minded ; but he is such a curious blend of those two qualities that sometimes I think he gets the worst of both worlds." And now to quote a parallel, if contrasted, passage from Mr. Brailsford (*Mahatma Gandhi*, p. 155) :

There were not two Gandhis, the saint and the tactician. The key to the puzzle is that Gandhiji thought and acted on two planes, one of them physical, the other moral. Sometimes he talked, and seemed to be acting, as if he accepted the 'common-sense' mechanical or psychological interpretations of life, society, and politics which his contemporaries assumed. But for him there was a second world. He believed literally in God's government of the universe. When he said that God gave him three warnings about violence, he was not using a figure of speech. When he said that God had blessed his services, he meant that some system of spiritual or ethical causation was at work, which saw to it that efforts made in the right state of mind, and only these, would produce the desired result. That is why one must spin 'religiously' in order to get *swaraj*. A characteristic habit of his illustrates this belief. Whenever he wrote an important letter to the Viceroy, he would not send it through the post ; he chose 'a pure-hearted messenger' to carry it. This was not a fad ; a sinful messenger might have contaminated it. Again, to give an instance of his belief in what I have called ethical causation, he seriously believed that the terrible earthquake in Bihar in 1934 was a punishment for India's sin of untouchability. An English Puritan mystic in the seventeenth century might have said the same thing.

Before we pass on to examine more closely the bearing of this estimate on Gandhi's thought and action, we may take note that Mr. Brailsford's chapter on his "Way of Life" is, in its own way, the most penetrating and revealing in the whole book.

This brings us back to the character and quality of Gandhi's mind : though, be it observed, the word "mind" is perhaps a misnomer ; for, if Gandhi did possess a mental equipment of an unusual kind, it was his spirit that ruled both mind and body. Thus, no purely intellectual appreciation can suffice. Those who would truly understand the Mahatma's nature must use a spiritual thermometer. No doubt, he frequently resorted to metaphysical, even sophisticated and sophistical, reasoning ; but the lodestar was not intellectual, nor was Gandhi's best service rendered in any other realm but that of the spirit. It is perhaps hair-splitting to take issue with Mr. Brailsford over his denial that there were "two Gandhis", for Mr. Brailsford

answers himself in the words: "Gandhiji thought and acted on two planes." This is but a better way of saying the same thing, and we may complete the argument by adding the necessary rider that Gandhi often seemed to operate on both planes at once. This is surely the authentic key to the puzzle. The creature described as "the common sensual man" cannot so operate. He would have no ordinary difficulty in understanding what Gandhi had in mind when he laid it down that one must spin "religiously" in order to win *Swaraj*. "Unselfishly" he would understand: but what could "religiously" mean when applied to the use of the spinning wheel as the instrument of political salvation? This is even more deeply baffling than the puzzle of which Motilal Nehru spoke. And there can be little wonder that most of Gandhi's followers often mistook his meaning and, by their mistaken conduct, forced him to confess, on a famous occasion, that he had committed "a Himalayan blunder."

Another clue to this bafflement can be found in Gandhi's view of the place of the village in Indian life. To him, the village was its very heart, and the villagers its true citizens. He might have agreed with the spokesman in the recent Constituent Assembly that "the Indian Village is the home of ignorance and reaction" but he would not have accepted the implication that only in the cities was the hope of political salvation to be found. Indeed, Gandhi's hope—was it in fact a political aim as well as a sentimental hope?—was to make the village the foundation of a free India. He parted company with the political leaders of India because, in spite of legal training and his remarkable knowledge of English, his roots lay in Indian soil, while the political leaders of twentieth century India were the authentic offspring of the West. That Gandhi never was. He, and his strangely contrasted contemporary, Tilak, drew their whole force from native sources. I find some significance in the reason (one among many) which Gandhi gave for disliking the results of the Montagu-Chelmsford Reforms. His criticism seemed to arise from disapproval of the pattern of a self-governing India which was visibly emerging during Lord Reading's Viceroyalty. It was altogether too Western in shape and spirit, too inhospitable to "the true India."

Hence Gandhi appeared to be ready, not only to oppose what many others welcomed as a promising growth, but actually to preach reaction in the form of a return to the past when westernized cities were unknown and India was still uncontaminated by Europe. The *dhoti* and the spinning wheel were to him more than mere insignia of militant nationalism; they were the indispensable instrument of salvation. No saying of Jesus was more often on his lips than: "It is easier for the camel to pass through the eye of the needle than for the rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven." And when he learned the origin of that parable in the life of the walled cities of



Palestine, he chuckled with satisfied glee. The reader may remember that "the eye of the needle" was no hyperbole in the minds of Jesus' hearers. It was the current slang of the Holy Land by which the little postern door at the side of the main-gate of every city was described. When the laden camels came to a city after sunset, the great gate would already be closed : and the camel could only pass through the eye of the needle, the little side-door, when *unloaded*. The vision of the rich man having to "unload" presented in a vivid little picture one of Gandhi's own most cherished convictions.

More light is thrown on Gandhi himself by the very sub-title of his *Autobiography* : "Experiments with Truth." Where the common run of men speak of the "story of my life" Gandhi thinks of his career as something more related to eternity than to time. John Bunyan comes nearer to him than any other ; but even the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* walks more firmly on the earth and is less concerned with Truth in Gandhi's sense than Gandhi. In fine, Gandhi's "story of my life" earns the title—unique—more surely than any other book in the category. To define what "truth" is, in the sense which Gandhi employs the word, is not easy. At one moment it is penance and renunciation, the denial of self ; but at others, we begin to realize that these things are mere methods, part of the process by which their practitioner reaches truth. Yet, even this qualification does not fully reconcile the matter of the book with its title. Many of its pages give some inkling of the "truth" which guided Gandhi himself ; but the greater part of the record describes the predicament of the man with a vision when he is associated with men who have little, or none, and entangled in problems on which the inner light sheds no illumination. Gandhi could not—or at all events did not—say : "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's" because the fulfilment of the "will of God" required him to play his part in Caesar's world. He was deeply moved by a sense of vicarious responsibility for the wrongs and sufferings of mankind. Having served an apprenticeship in that responsibility in South Africa he carried back to India, even as a comparatively young man, a growing conviction that his destiny was to take up the same duty in his native land. He discharged the duty in the manner which, in spite of manifest errors of judgment, justifies S. K. Ratcliffe in calling him "the most amazing leader of men known to the modern age." And, on the issue of the conflict between God and Caesar we have Gandhi as his own witness : "To see the universal and all-pervading Spirit of Truth face to face one must be able to love the meanest of creation as oneself. And a man who aspires after that cannot afford to keep out of any field of life. That is why my devotion to Truth has drawn me into the field of politics ; and I can say without the slightest hesitation, and yet in all humility, that those who say that religion has nothing to do with politics do not know what religion means."

## THE FAILURE OF THE UNIVERSITIES

BY LORD ELTON

EVERYBODY knows that the world is full of an ominous malaise, and most people are uneasily aware that the institutions upon which civilization rests are full of malaise also. The sickness of the Church, of parliaments, of capitalism is constantly, and it must be added, inconclusively, debated by churchmen, by politicians and by capitalists. We do not so often hear public debate upon the sickness of the universities. And yet a mere glance at the world outside the universities should be sufficient to assure us that with them too all is not well—whether we choose to say that in such a world no university can expect normal health, or that the world could not have fallen into so desperate a condition had the universities been discharging their proper function. And even a brief survey of the present rôle of the universities themselves would lead, it is to be feared, to the conclusion that they are failing to “rise to the height of the times” and in an age of crisis to give direction to a directionless world, because, in the last resort, they are themselves directionless.

To the Christian critic certain reasons for this failure will be fairly readily apparent. The trouble is not so much that the universities—and “universities” includes both old and new, both “Oxbridge” and “Redbrick”—are failing to answer the really fundamental questions; the trouble is that they are not asking them. Increasingly education in a university has become an education in the use of means rather than in the choice of ends. The undergraduate may learn how to make a bomb or build a cathedral or cure a disease, but if he asks why a man should want a bomb or a cathedral or a healthy body, or which he ought to want most, the university has little to say. In all secondary matters it gives supremely competent guidance; in respect of the one thing needful it has all but abdicated. Sir Walter Moberly’s imaginary French professor may even be said to be a representative modern figure:

I have studied the French language and literature and institutions with some thoroughness and I can expound them with authority. But whether Voltaire or Pascal has the truer apprehension of reality, whether Talleyrand or Fénelon has better mastered the secret of living, I have no idea. There you enter a region not of knowledge but of private taste or guess-work. My guess is no better than the next man’s and I have nothing to offer my pupils.\*



Equally typical, in his own way, was the Fellow of a famous Oxbridge college whom I can remember stoutly maintaining that the only standard by which to measure a college's success was the number of its First Classes. What in the nineteenth century could perhaps be defended as a reasonable self-denying ordinance has to-day become an abdication ; for in the nineteenth century, however acutely Gladstone and Huxley, Ruskin and Newman may have differed on religious or philosophical issues, they accepted substantially identical standards of good and evil ; above all they were agreed in attributing supreme importance to the fact that there is a difference between good and evil. To-day, when the doctrine that might is right reigns supreme over large areas of the world, and the very existence of objective values is increasingly denied, to neglect all transmission of the accumulated communal standards of right and wrong is more than to neglect an opportunity, it is to betray a trust. The prophecies of woe with which Pusey and Burgon greeted the threat of a rift between the universities and the Christian religion no longer read, as they still did a generation ago, like the outcry of wrongheaded diehards.

If then there is a sickness in the universities, a sickness whose varied symptoms Christians at any rate will be disposed to diagnose as largely due to an undue concentration upon means, and a wilful closing of the eyes to ends, what is the remedy ? Not, obviously, a return to the Christian university of the middle ages, a university only possible in a Europe which shared its religion, its social system, its art, language, law and philosophy in common, and everywhere accepted a hierarchical society, with God at the apex of the pyramid. Nor yet—though this less certainly—to the Christian-Hellenic ideal which dominated Oxbridge at any rate almost up to the first world war. Perhaps Sir Walter Moberly's book dismisses the Christian-Hellenist ideal (if this be an adequate label for it) a trifle too readily. Certainly in some ways it bore a not inconsiderable resemblance to the university with a "creative Christian minority" which he recommends as the Christian's best hope for the future. True, it catered for a select and segregated minority, the brainworkers, relieved of daily drudgery, and leading a life of learned leisure ; but so must any university, even the technological-democratic at its most technological and democratic. Other types of university will differ in the way in which they select their segregated minorities, but segregated minorities there must be. Dr. Johnson has not been the only commentator to remark that there can be no culture without leisure, and no leisure without some form of privilege. The spectacle of Oxbridge dons pushing prams in the parks—the phenomenon which Sir Walter Moberly calls "the scholar in the scullery"—represents a threat to the future of any university. And a system

of education which produced Newman and Gladstone, Lang and Temple was certainly Christian as well as Hellenic. However, the conditions out of which the Christian-Hellenic education grew, although not so remote as those which bred the medieval university, are nevertheless sufficiently remote in 1949 to rule out Christian-Hellenism as a solution of our present troubles. Still less will the ultra-Liberalism, which gradually superseded the Christian-Hellenic ideal, serve our ends. Its very emphasis on detachment from current political and religious controversy alone disqualifies it in an age such as the present. Nor yet will scientific humanism, or the technological-proletarian ideal, suffice. In a very real sense indeed these represent, for the Christian, the arch-enemy. Scientific humanists have much to tell us about the technique of planning, but next to nothing about its objects. And as Mr. C. S. Lewis has startlingly shown in *The Abolition of Man*, they leave the ordinary man helpless before the arrogant and inhuman ambitions of the planners. In the great debate between those for whom all law is the interest of the stronger, and those who recognize a law which is binding because it is right, scientific humanism is on the wrong side.

What then ? By leaving God out, the modern university attacks Him. For "it is a fallacy to suppose that by omitting a subject you teach nothing about it. On the contrary you teach that it is to be omitted, and that it is therefore a matter of secondary importance. And you teach this not openly and explicitly, which would invite criticism ; you simply take it for granted and thereby insinuate it silently, insidiously, and all but irresistibly." Yet, although modern scientists are usually prepared to pronounce a confident verdict on religion, and to assume that for all cultivated persons Christianity, like astrology, is a relic of the past, they are in fact often little better qualified than a schoolboy to dogmatize on these subjects, relying on fragmentary recollections of religious teaching encountered in childhood, or in the popular press, and ignoring the fact that "many of those whom they sweep aside—theologians, philosophers, or scientists who are also believing Christians—are, by any neutral academic test, their equals in intelligence and have given to religious questions a far greater quantity and quality of attention than they."

To the Christian who believes that the modern world is going mad precisely because it is ceasing to be aware of God it may be tempting to claim for the Christian religion at the university what was claimed for it in the schools by the statement issued by the three Archbishops in 1941—that it should become "the basis and foundation of the whole curriculum." But quite apart from the obvious impracticability of such an ideal in the mental climate of to-day, even if it could be realized, Sir Walter Moberly thinks, it would not further the Christian cause. The plausibility of such a programme depends



upon the inevitable ambiguity of the word "Christian", an ambiguity which, since it is invariably encountered at the core of all the vexed questions which agitate the Churches to-day, is itself evidence that we have here reached the heart of the problem.

All, even for the planner at his most collectivist, turns upon the individual and the standards of the individual, and for Christian planners, of whom Sir Walter is one, upon the individual Christian. But no Christian planner has ever solved his problems without being forced to recognize that for his purposes "Christians" are not the people who go regularly to Church and lead decent, God-fearing lives, but those who live the life "of prayer and sacrament, of daily and hourly dependence on power from on high." As Sir Walter Moberly says :

This is the religion of power, but it is unquestionably the religion only of a comparatively small minority of the people of this country or of the members of our universities. Of necessity it is only diluted (or debased) and not authentic, Christianity which either nation or university could adopt in any near future as the basic principle of its life ; and the effect would be to obscure a difference which is vital. The plausibility of any such proposal depends on a substitution of the reflection for the reality. The Law is substituted for the Gospel and is itself much diluted to bring it within the range of practical politics.

And so the author is led to his final, and highly controversial conclusions. He has already insisted that the universities must abandon their tradition of neutrality towards the burning issues of the day ; that accordingly communication between the isolated mental worlds of the separate academic faculties, communication which now hardly exists, must now somehow be restored ; that the university must accept, and do its best to represent, certain fundamental values—the pursuit of truth, a judicial temper, an open mind, free expression of opinion, a respect for law and order, a reverence for the individual. So far few will quarrel with his thesis. But he goes on to argue that it is not sufficient for the members of a university to accept these vaguely defined common values. In a revolutionary age, when all assumptions are challenged, a university must be constantly examining its customary and inherited beliefs, and this examination must extend, beyond mere means, to the nature of the values by which we live. In this process of re-orientation Christians must play the rôle of what Professor Toynbee has called "a creative minority." A "dons' Christian movement", the author suggests, is needed to extend and complement the work of the Student Christian movement. Instead of being content to become a Christian enclave within a predominately pagan university Christians among the senior members of a university must attempt to permeate, and colour, academic life, somewhat as the Fabians once permeated, and coloured political life. Such Christianization of the university is a legitimate objective because a predisposition to it already exists. For Sir

Walter accepts Mr. T. S. Eliot's threefold contention—that the positive elements in our culture are still Christian ; that it cannot remain in its present condition but must become either more Christian or wholly secular ; and that if the majority fully understood the choice, and what it implies, they would choose Christianity. Any process of Christianization with its inevitable emphasis on the eternal significance of every human soul, would produce far-reaching effects upon university policy in respect of admissions and appointments as well as on its curriculum, its teaching and indeed its whole way of life. The author does not go out of his way to particularize the nature of these effects in detail although the natural course of his argument throws a good deal of light on them. There are, for example, some admirable comments on the worthlessness of a good many lectures and a good deal of research.

Probably however most readers who accept, as I do, the author's main thesis would wish that he had been able to go further into some of its consequences. Thus he makes admirably the essential point, nowadays so often forgotten, that some moral qualities are essential to intellectual achievement, and some moral defects fatal to it. As von Hugel put it "certain dispositions of the will . . . enter into all deep and delicate apprehensions, be they of the life-history of a clematis-plant, or of the doings of a spider. A certain disoccupation with the petty self is here a *sine qua non* condition of any success." This is very obviously relevant to the problem of university admissions. Most undergraduates to-day reach the university not by virtue of their father's purse but by way of an exacting obstacle course of examinations. The defect of the more equalitarian method of admission is that the modern undergraduate lacks the background of culture which could once be assumed, and often has few interests outside his prescribed subject.

They have, as it were, been conducted over a prescribed route by forced marches, which leave them tired and with small inclination or energy for exploring by-roads, and so too often they have little initiative or resilience. At the same time their aim is utilitarian. To them the university is, first and foremost, the avenue to a desirable job, that is to one which promises some measure of economic security, and social consideration.

Sir Walter does not add that the new practice of awarding grants on the strength of the higher certificate examination greatly aggravates this problem. The traditional college scholarship examination has always selected its scholars on the strength of ability and promise, the higher certificate tests their knowledge of prescribed texts, a much less appropriate qualification. In the old days even the dilettante, leading a leisurely life at Oxbridge on a comfortable allowance from home, at least usually acquired a smattering of culture and a respectable training in the imponderables of character and manners.



It is to be feared that to-day there are too many undergraduates who sacrifice all that the social side of the university might teach them to a safe Second in their Final Schools. If awards on the higher certificate examination are to be retained, may there not be something to be said (though Sir Walter does not say it) for taking into account the character of the candidate, as well as the knowledge he has contrived to amass ? The example of the Rhodes Scholarships, and of the American universities which have imitated them, suggests that, while academic standards would not suffer, "rounder" men might be introduced. And analogous considerations apply to appointments. The present position, Sir Walter admits, is unsatisfactory. Granted, there can be no "tests"; but in most university appointments some test of character, though unacknowledged, is implicit. A resident Fellow of an academic society is unlikely to be elected unless he is thought likely to be a reasonably agreeable and co-operative colleague. The crucial question, in our present context is, however, should any regard be paid to his working philosophy of life ? Even clerical heads of houses at Oxbridge have been known to maintain with passion that it is not only improper but irrelevant to inquire of one who may spend his entire working life in social intimacy with the young whether he regards the Christian revelation as an outworn superstition or as the one true way of life. Sir Walter Moberly advocates a compromise which is probably the most that can be expected under present conditions. No condition of conformity, he says, can be imposed.

On the other hand, when a university bases its policy on any definite values, appointing bodies must bear in mind that the policy will be stultified unless, in practice, a large proportion of the university's officers respects and endorses those values.

Toleration is indispensable for the university. On the other hand in several passages Sir Walter is perhaps, judged by the standards which he himself proposes, somewhat too tolerant—of communists. "If—*per impossible*—a university teacher," he says, "did become a convinced disciple of Sir Oswald Mosley, denying those obligations and attacking those liberties which are among the fundamental university assumptions, would not his university belie itself if it allowed him still to officiate ?" If "Stalin" were substituted for "Mosley" would the rest of the sentence need much modification ? Again, whatever the theoretical implications, says Sir Walter, of scientific humanism, or of its practice behind the iron curtain, Christians do not believe that they themselves would be silenced by its representatives in British universities. Not long ago a similar belief was widely held in Czechoslovak universities.

But perhaps we reach the crux of the whole problem for the Christian with the claim that it is intellectually, as well as morally, discreditable that the graduate of a British university should go out

into the world childishly ignorant of the very elements of the Christian faith. I have sometimes thought myself that Divinity Moderations—a compulsory and ridiculous examination, which, in my time, required little more than a superficial knowledge of the travels of St. Paul, and was rightly abolished some while ago—might perhaps be revived as a preliminary examination requiring of every undergraduate, not Christian belief, but some minimum of acquaintance with the outlines of the Christian philosophy. In a nominally Christian country, and particularly in the Oxbridge colleges, all of which were originally religious foundations, this would surely not be an excessive demand. And the case for it is surely as strong on cultural as on religious grounds. For it should never be forgotten—and it is one of the many merits of Sir Walter Moberly's book to make this abundantly clear—that whatever our present day beliefs or practice may be the framework of our civilization is Christian.



## A FRANCO-GERMAN WAR DIARY

BY DAVID OGILVY

Captain David Stuart Ogilvy, a cousin of Gladstone, served as a young officer in the Indian Mutiny and the Crimean war. After leaving the army he became British Consul at Smyrna. A fine linguist, he spoke and wrote perfect French. He was devoted to France and when the Franco-German war began he left Smyrna to volunteer for the French army. This diary-letter to his wife tells the rest of his story, for he was killed in action during the last days of November 1870.

I sailed from Smyrna on October 28 (1870) by the *Eridan*, and reached Marseilles on November 5, two days behind time, having been obliged by bad weather to put into Coroni, near the bay of Navarino, in the Morea, and having also been driven back on Messina. Put up at Marseilles at the *Hôtel du Petit Louvre*. On November 6 I sent to Mr. Esquiros, ex-Prefect of Marseilles, the letter for him which had been given me by Mr. Consinery—asking him at the same time for an interview, which he fixed for 2 p.m. On going to the Prefecture at the hour fixed, I found all the doors but one closed and barred, and at the one left open there was a strong post of national guards, no one being allowed to enter. However, on saying that I had a rendezvous with Mr. Esquiros, I was sent in, with a soldier of the national guard as guide. He led me across a fine open court, and then through a number of very handsome lofty rooms, beautifully painted and gilt, and some containing handsome furniture.

At first there was some difficulty about Mr. Esquiros seeing me, as he was in great distress, his son being at the point of death—but at last he came out to me, and received me cordially, saying however that he could do nothing, and that I must go to the new Prefect, Mr. Alphonse Gent, who was confined to his room from the effects of a slight wound received in the riots which took place on November 3. He however reiterated the promise which had already been made to me, through the French Consulate at Smyrna, during his (Esquiros') term of office, that I should certainly receive my former rank in the French army, only that for this purpose I must go to Tours. I asked Mr. Esquiros for a letter to Mr. Gent, but he told me that they were not on speaking terms. However he himself led me to Mr. Gent's quarters, which were also in the Prefecture, leaving me at the door. The entrance to Gent's quarters was through a billiard room, which

was occupied by a strong guard of the *Garde Nationale*. Mr. Gent himself was, I believed, confined to his couch, and certainly to his room, and could see no one. After some difficulty I got the letter given me by the French Consul General of Marseilles, and addressed to the General commanding the military division of Marseilles, sent in to him, and after again waiting half-an-hour, this letter (which was one of recommendation for me, as an English retired officer, wishing to enter the French service, and which was couched in very flattering terms) was sent back to me, with a message, that Mr. Gent could not take any notice of it, as it was not addressed to him. This was to say the least, odd, as Mr. Gent in his proclamation, when taking his place as Prefect, had said that the supreme authority, both civic and military, was vested in him. However I inquired, as Mr. Gent declined the letter, to whom I was to take it, and where the General in question was to be found. The answer was : " We do not know, perhaps he is in London " ! !

It was eventually settled that I should go and see the "*Commandant de la Place*", which I did. He was, I believe, a Lt.-Colonel in the army, and received me very civilly, but again said that he could do nothing, and that I had better go to the office of the General commanding the division, for though there was no General there, there was someone who could at all events answer questions. I went therefore to the General's office, and was told by the head there that *he* could do nothing, that he did not doubt that the promise sent me would be kept, but that I must go to Mr. Gambetta at Tours. I saw also on this day Captain de Butler, and Mr. Lebone, the captain and commissary of posts of the *Eridan*, who had been making inquiries on my behalf amongst their friends, and had met with the same reply, that nothing was to be done at Marseilles, that I must go on to Tours and see Gambetta.

No doubt there was a great confusion in Marseilles, and an utter want of military organization. Still it should be borne in mind, that on November 2 and 3 a revolutionary movement had been got up by the civic guard, which is principally composed of bad or indifferent characters, which had led to a conflict between the national and civic guards, in which several were killed and wounded on each side. The national guard had however quite succeeded in maintaining, or rather restoring order, and seemed determined to maintain it for the future. Still the civic guard was to be sent away from Marseilles on the 4th and up to the night of the 6th this had not been done. The disturbers of order were instigated by a so-called " General " Cluseret, and by a Mr. Train, an American of bad character. These men for a moment had actually got the power quite into their hands—Cluseret not even allowing any dispatches to be forwarded by telegraph, unless they were approved by him. Amongst other



follies Train encouraged the getting up of a band of Amazon volunteers at Marseilles. It is incredible how such men could ever have any followers in a civilized country, and yet even the Tours papers, besides those of Marseilles, were full of letters, one more absurd than the other, from Train and Cluseret. There was a strong counter-demonstration got up on the 6th and both Train and Cluseret were publicly hooted. The orderly party are still uneasy at Marseilles, but in my opinion there is no real cause for fear, the national guard, both at Marseilles, and from what I can learn, also everywhere else, being determined to support the Provisional Government, and the cause of order and, having now felt their strength, are becoming determined to use it.

The order of the Provisional Government for the *levée en masse* was known at Marseilles on the 6th. Then and since I have conversed with many national guards on the subject, and it has no doubt produced an increased longing for peace on the part of the French, as the weight of the war thus falls directly, and at once, on one and all. I am convinced that the French would make peace at once, either on the terms of an indemnity of £80,000,000, and the razing of Metz and Strasbourg, or even on the condition of an indemnity, and of Alsace and Lorraine being handed over to Belgium, and constituted a neutral power, guaranteed by Europe in general ; but one and all seem determined to fight to the last rather than yield Alsace and Lorraine to the Prussians, the amount of hate and exasperation against whom is indescribable.

A crushing effect was at first produced by the surrender of Metz, but this has already passed off, or has rather given way to what the French consider, and I fear with reason, as Bazaine's treason in surrendering. I fear that the weight of evidence tends to prove that he wilfully intrigued to allow his troops to be starved out, with a view to his own political advantage.

Everyone at Marseilles on the 6th was full of the proposed armistice and there was a most general wish that it might be considered, provided the terms offered by the Prussians should prove at all acceptable.

I left Marseilles for Tours, by the Lyons railway, by way of Chasse, Givors, and Moulins, on the 6th at 10 p.m. and arrived at Tours on the 8th at 7 a.m. after a most fatiguing journey, and after changing trains six or seven times. At Moulins we learnt that the armistice had been finally rejected, as the Prussians refused to allow Paris to be re-victualled during the armistice, and only consented to elections in Alsace and Lorraine "*sous réserves*". The action of the Provisional Government in refusing these terms seems to be generally approved. We also heard that the Prussians were in force before the army of the Loire, which was fully prepared, in a good state of

discipline, and well armed with *chassepots*. It was said that a battle was imminent for to-day, but we have as yet heard nothing further. The Prussians were said also to be advancing in force on Besançon with a view of turning the army of the Loire. Measures will however surely be taken, to prevent the possibility of their success in this, as it is the very manoeuvre which has hitherto proved so fatal to the French. The general idea is that a movement combined between Trochu and the army of the Loire, is in contemplation, Trochu intending to break out of Paris, and join the army of the Loire. I think it is probable that the movement may be tried, though there are many difficulties in the way. In any case, a collision between the army of the Loire and the Prussians seems to be inevitable.

I met in the train an officer of infantry, who had been in Metz, and escaped after the capitulation. According to his ideas there is no doubt of Bazaine's treachery. He showed me a copy of the *Indépendance de la Moselle*, published in Metz on October 29, after the capitulation, which states that Bazaine did everything in his power to discourage the troops—that on October 19 he communicated to the troops that Bismarck proposed that the army of Metz should be allowed to leave the fortress, and establish itself in some part of France, with the view of restoring order and creating a government with which the Prussians could treat—that the mission of the army in France was to bring back Napoleon—that all France was in disorder, Paris at the last extremity, the red republicans in possession of Lyons, Marseilles and Bordeaux—that an army of Breton volunteers had been destroyed at Orléans—and that the national guard of Havre, Elbeuf, and Rouen had called in the Prussians, who were aiding them in maintaining order. It is also stated that Bazaine purposely exaggerated to his troops the force of the Prussians, to convince them that it was useless to try and break through. Bazaine's sorties are said to have been mere demonstrations, not serious attempts to break the enemies' lines.

The railways are all crowded with troops, but still a few ladies travel by them. We had some *Zéphyr*s in our train, and had to look sharp after our baggage in consequence, as they are very light-fingered gentry.

The carrier pigeon post to Paris is being regularly established: the letters are written in small characters on ordinary paper, and then a microscopic photograph of them is taken so that each pigeon carries 3,500 messages of 20 words each.

On arriving at Tours, I wrote to request an interview with Gambetta and am I believe, to see him this afternoon.



Tours. November 9th, 1870.

After waiting for some hours yesterday for Mr. Gambetta's answer which did not come, I went to see Colonel Pourrat, "*Chef d'administration du personnel de l'artillerie au ministère de la guerre*", for whom I had, almost accidentally, a letter or rather word of introduction from one of his friends. He received me very well. I am to go to him for a final answer to-day, but he has given me clearly to understand that I am to be named Captain in the Foreign Legion, and thence detached at once as *Capitaine d'Etat-Major*, with the headquarters of a division of artillery. Thus my rank and my position on the French staff are fully insured to me. In the evening Mr. Gambetta sent his "*chef de cabinet*" to see me at the hotel, and to say that he regretted not to have been able to see me yesterday, but that if I went to see him to-day he would endeavour to give me a few minutes. At dinner however I happened to make the acquaintance of M. de Nomaïson, who is a friend of Mr. Gibiat, the proprietor of the *Constitutionnel*. Mr. Gibiat is an exceedingly influential personage, very rich, and holding a peculiarly good position, independently of his connection with the *Constitutionnel*. He is moreover an intimate friend of Admiral Fourichon, the Minister of the Marine. Mr. Nomaïson, to whom I spoke of my plan for the defence of France, was so struck with it, that he went at once to see Mr. Gibiat, who was equally struck with my idea. Mr. Gibiat, whom I went to see to-day, was confined to bed by a fit of the gout, but he sent the *rédacteur en chef* of the *Constitutionnel* with me, to present me to the Admiral. Mr. Thiers arrived from Paris only to-day, so that there was a Council till very late, and the Admiral was exceedingly busy. However I was admitted, on Mr. Gibiat's recommendation and, notwithstanding his numerous duties, the Admiral listened attentively to my plan, giving me fully half an hour's audience. He approved of my idea, and I believe I may fully count on his endeavouring to put it into execution. It ended by his sending the plan to the General who is *chef d'Etat-Major* here, who is to study it, and to appoint an hour to-day or tomorrow, to discuss it with me. This is a far greater success than I dared to hope for. The Admiral spoke most clearly to me of all the difficulties and plans of the Government, but of these I cannot of course say one word. He however told me, what I *may* repeat, that the success of the army of the Loire, which took place not yesterday, but the day before, was greater than was at first supposed, and that the Prussians suffered considerable loss. He also told me that Mr. de Bismarck admitted to Mr. Thiers, that Paris could hold out till January 15. We are sure to have a serious battle before that time. The French have abundant guns—and will have a numerous field artillery. I am of course to wait to see the General at the head of the *Etat-Major*, before

going to see Mr. Gambetta. Mr. Gibiat has promised me the fullest support of the *Constitutionnel*, in case of need. Altogether in two days, I have acquired a position I could hardly have hoped for, thanks to my plan for the defence of the country.

Tours. November 10, 1870.

There is no particular news this morning, except the publication of Jules Favre's proclamation, on the subject of the rejection of the armistice—the cause of which was the refusal of the Prussians to allow Paris to be re-victualled. There was a report here yesterday, that the Prussians had offered to allow Paris to be re-victualled at the rate of the rations actually issued there, or 75 grammes of meat a day, but this is positively contradicted.

I have been busy since yesterday getting my uniform. It is very simple, consisting of a kind of double breasted jacket of blue cloth with artillery buttons, and three gold stripes on each cuff, trousers of the same cloth, with broad red stripe, and blue cloth kepi, with three rows of gold lace. Long boots reaching to the knee, and a sword with black band and steel scabbard, complete the costume. I have also got a huge wolf skin coat, which is a very precious article, as it will serve me as a bed, even if I am separated from my baggage. I was also told by the military authorities that I must supply myself with a tent, and have got a small one, costing 70frs., which I can pack in my trunks. They told me too that if I am wise, I shall furnish myself with a second horse to carry my baggage, as there is no proper transport for officers' baggage allowed, and Government gives only one charger. As I promised you, if I can manage I will get photographed in my uniform, and send one or two to you.

I wish you could see the bands of *Franc-tireurs*. They are in all sorts of costumes, many of them very picturesque, though on the whole, generally workmanlike. That most in vogue is a black or grey tunic, with black leather belts and fittings, a Tyrolean hat and gaiters, a kind of knicker-bocker trousers, with gaiters or boots to the knee, and an Inverness cloak of the same cloth as the uniform, or a blanket or rug, *en bandouillère*—I saw one company going to the front this morning. The Captain who had raised it marched in front, without sword and carrying a rifle like his men. His three sons were in the ranks. He is a proprietor with a fortune of £1,200 a year. Some of the *Franc-tireurs*, instead of a Tyrolean hat, wear a kind of Glengarry bonnet, with a tricolour cockade. They are all well armed, and make a very respectable appearance, though as the French themselves say, if things were not so serious, one would be inclined to laugh at their costumes, which are often just what you see on the stage for bandits. A battery of regular artillery left yesterday for the front very well equipped. There is a constant movement



of troops to the front. The more I see of public feeling the more I am convinced that the French are determined on no account to give up Alsace and Lorraine. They look with great anxiety at all demonstrations of public feeling in England.

The weather is bad, very cold and rainy, and the barometer steadily falling. This is more unfavourable to the Prussians than to us.

I do not think that my equipment can be ready, or that I can start hence at soonest till the 15th or 16th instant—perhaps later. Of course I know nothing yet of my destination. Remington, the American rifle maker is here, and has contracted for every rifle he can furnish.

Tours. November 11, 1870.

The great news to-day is that of the first French victory. General d'Aurelles de Paladine, with part of the army of the Loire, has retaken Orléans, after two days of fighting. His loss was 2,000 men, that of the Prussians greater. The French have captured two cannon, about 1,500 prisoners, and 20 ammunition waggons. The Prussians are retiring on Etampes and Chartres. The French under General Pallières have occupied Chevilly, ten miles to the north of Orléans on the road to Paris. The trains have already begun running on the railway from Tours to Orléans. As you may suppose everyone is delighted at the good news, though there has been no public demonstration of any sort.

I have been named to the 18th *Corps d'armée*, of which the headquarters are at Nevers. My orders are to leave for Nevers on the 16th. This will bring me somewhat nearer you, for Nevers is on the road to Lyons hence, and therefore nearer to Marseilles. As regards distance from the Prussians, it is somewhat nearer to them than Tours, but I do not think it likely that the 18th Corps will be engaged soon, as it is not yet completely formed.

The Government gives me two horses, but I have to get equipment for both, so that I save but little thereby. It was fortunate I had brought a saddle with me, as there was only one for sale in all Tours.

I met the two military attachés of the English embassy by accident to-day. One of them told me, that he had seen my plan for defence at the Ministry but that is all I have heard further on the subject as yet. I am to go to the Ministry about it tomorrow.

Tours. November 12, 1870.

I forgot to say yesterday, that I was arrested in the street as a Prussian spy. I had been into a shop to buy some maps, and an officer of the *Garde Mobile* saw me there. After I had left the shop, and walked some distance in the street, he came up to me, and

asked me to accompany him to the *Mairie*. I produced my passport which I had in my pocket, and told him that I was an officer on the French staff, but he still insisted though politely. We went together to the guard of the national guard at the *Mairie*, and when we got there, the officer on guard was not to be found. I then insisted on my captor's accompanying me to Colonel Pourrat's, and when we got to the door, the officer of the *Garde Mobile* said that was quite sufficient, and did not wish to go in. I insisted on his doing so, and walked in, rather indignant as you may suppose, asking Colonel Pourrat to certify that I was not a Prussian spy—which of course he did, to the considerable confusion of my adversary. The thing was very stupid, for if I had been a spy I should have hardly gone to a shop openly to buy maps, especially in presence of a French officer. Shortly afterwards I met a Captain Ural, of the staff, whose acquaintance I had made in the train, and told him that I had been arrested as a spy "*par un imbécile d'officier de la Garde Mobile*". To my horror looking round at the moment, I saw the individual in question standing two paces from me. Fortunately, he either did not hear me, or had the good sense to pretend that he did not, for he turned round shortly afterwards, and on recognizing me, made all sorts of excuses, and we parted very good friends.

To-day we had the first proofs of the success at Orléans, as I saw some 250 Prussian prisoners defile through the town. More came in this evening. The affair was a serious one, and it is said that the Prussians lost in all 10,000 men, of whom 1,800 were made prisoners. Those whom I saw were certainly not very soldier-like in appearance. They were all unwounded. Tonight the two captured cannon and 85 Prussian horses are to arrive. The troops engaged on the Prussian side at Orléans were all Bavarians under General von der Tann. They have retired to Toury about 25 miles north of Orléans, and have been joined by General Wittich, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Mecklenburg, so that there will be hard fighting very shortly. This affair is important, as it destroys the prestige of invincibility of the Prussians.

*(The diary will be concluded in the July number. The death of J. L. Hammond in April this year occurred before he could annotate the manuscript for its publication in THE FORTNIGHTLY as he had intended. The diary is in the possession of Mrs: Hugh Dalton, a granddaughter of the author.)*



## IN HOSPITAL

BY IRIS BIRTWISTLE

PATIENCE a white sheet  
limp on a Monday-line :  
the long day offers no comfort,  
stretches like a heelless stocking  
on pain's steel point,  
chimes cold meals and fevered sleep,  
newspapers, letters  
and post-bedraggled flowers :  
the friend who failed  
and visitors who stay too long  
beside the yawning bed.

Over the ablutions a blue star  
lights tunnels of nissen night,  
ghost corridors quick  
with sound and shape :  
alien limbs beneath dust  
covers in disused rooms,  
monuments made strange in pain's  
clasp, made old by undefended thrusts.

Wounds open unlovely lips  
call unintelligibly  
over marshes of despair to the sick  
tramping sunless country  
with an axe under the heart.

Memory's precise instrument  
probes the husk  
of each unyielding hour :  
blackened twigs  
drop from an old year's nest.  
Fear is a many skinned onion  
that touches private tears.

## THE DISCOVERY OF THE LAKE DISTRICT

BY JOAN CURL

**H**ARDLY a week passes without the unmasking of some new threat to the beauty of the Lake District. Those of us who have only known it in these unhappy times look back with envy upon those whose love for it was not intermingled with fear. Yet when has there been a time, since its "discovery" in the eighteenth century, when this precious little region has not been in danger? The late Victorian could not foresee the advent of commercial afforestation or hydro-electro projects, yet Manchester took Thirlmere in his day. The mid-Victorian knew no dread of Manchester, but he had to fight against the erection of a giant floating advertisement on Windermere. The early Victorian cried out against the railways. And Wordsworth, in his description of the scenery written in 1805, spoke of the changes he had seen since his boyhood, and found few of them for the better.

Yet it is often stated that Wordsworth saw the Lake District at its best, at the period when the harmony and balance between the works of nature and man reached perfection. The truth seems to be that the District was at its best during what may be called Wordsworth's first Lakeland period, from his birth in 1770 to 1787, when he lived at Cockermouth and Hawkshead. His second Lakeland period extended from 1799, when he settled at Grasmere, until his death in 1850.

Even he must sometimes have wished he had been born twenty years earlier, so that he might have known the District when it was still untouched by external influence, living its own distinct life as it had lived it for centuries.

Changes in the life of a region are usually gradual, but it is not too much to say that, between Wordsworth's first and second Lakeland periods, a social revolution had taken place. The Lakes had been discovered; integrity and independence were gone. Local life was becoming almost a sideline, destined to be eaten into more and more as time went on—by visitors, new residents and, eventually, government departments, commissions, ministries, local authorities and corporations.

Even to-day, the visitor to the Lakes is conscious of having stepped into a different world. That feeling can nowadays be put down



wholly to geography, but in the eighteenth century it had many other causes. Variations in ways of life, in speech, food and architecture, between one locality and another were far greater than now. England had a countryside of mansions and lordly parks. Squire and parson were dictators. The small man had been turned off the land by the Enclosures, and was forced to live in poverty and dependence upon charity. What a contrast the old Lake District presented ! The first visitors, who had the good fortune to see it before it passed away, might well think they had strayed into some mountain republic, some English Andorra.

It is difficult to realize just how remote the Lake District was in those days, before even the main roads were fit for wheeled traffic. It was cut off from the rest of England, on the west by the sea, on the south by Morecambe Bay, on the east by the Pennines, and on the north by the vast stretches of boggy waste that made up most of Cumberland. An older way of life persisted. Through the ages since its settlement by Norse farmers, little change had taken place in the social structure. The gentry lived only on the fringe of the District. Most of the farmers owned their lands and enjoyed complete independence. The parson was a man of the people, tending his sheep and spinning his wool like everyone else.

Each dale—almost each farm—was self-supporting. Each family provided itself with oats and barley, butter, cheese, milk, fowls, eggs, meat, wool and flax, and made its own lights of rushes and mutton fat, and its own horn lanterns. Ale was brewed at home, though buttermilk and whey were more often drunk. Fuel came from the woods and the peat-mosses, fish from the lakes and rivers. Wool was spun at home, woven by local weavers, and sometimes made up by travelling tailors.

The independence of the family farmer, as later events were to show, was not absolute. It was due in part to an exterior circumstance. Subsistence farming, in an area of high rainfall and periodical flooding, could not alone support the great numbers of small men and their families. The helping hand was held out by the woollen industry. To the market at Kendal, packhorse trains carried yarn from all parts of the Lake District, spun in countless cottages and farmhouses. Keswick had a market for yarn in the eighteenth century and there were many little local fairs for the sale of wool and yarn. A great deal of knitting was done too—over 3,000 pairs of knitted hose were sold every week at Kendal market.

Life was simple for the old Lakeland dwellers, and hard too by modern standards. That it was also healthy is witnessed by the frequent comments of early visitors upon the sturdiness and longevity of the "natives". It was not so dull either as some might think. There were cards and games, dancing and wrestling. There was

fishing and hound-trailing, foxhunting, bullbaiting and cockfighting, as well as social gatherings at weddings, christenings, shearing, boon-days and shepherds' meets. There were feasts and masques and plays at Christmas, pace-egging and mumming at Easter, Whitsuntide hirings, rush-bearing and Hallowe'en parties.

Farmhouses and cottages were built and roofed with local stone, rough and unsquared, in whose crevices grew moss, lichen and ferns. Porches, outside staircases and galleries, and unusual chimneys provided variations on the simple theme. Inside, an oaken partition divided house-place from parlour. Floors were of flattened loam or cobbles, and windows small and deepset. The upper storey was open to the beams, and there slept the family and farm servants, with a room at one end for the master and mistress in the larger houses.

Mutton hams and joints of beef and pork hung in the wide chimney. Cooking was done in iron pans suspended from a chain. Furniture was entirely of wood, with wooden pegs for nails, and wooden plates, cups and spoons. Bread was kept in a great carved oak cupboard, while carved chests held meal, preserves, dried meats. The table was a long board with benches, and a high settle warded off draughts from the fireside.

Hawkshead, Keswick and Ambleside were the only towns within the District. Early visitors had not much opinion of them. Ambleside was "a straggling little market town, made up of rough-cast white houses," Keswick "a small mean market town." Hawkshead was acknowledged to be " quaint ". One visitor wrote : " The houses seem as if they had been dancing a country dance but being all out, they stood still where the dance ended." Such inns as there were catered for the packhorse traffic and for market-days and fairs.

It would be a mistake to think of the eighteenth-century Lake District as wholly agricultural or pastoral. In actual fact, industry was mixed with farming to make a working model of the " balanced community " so dear to modern planners. The Furness Fells and the shores of Coniston Water and Windermere were centres of charcoal-burning and iron-smelting, and the sites of pitsteads and bloomeries have also been found in Eskdale, Wasdale and Langstrath. For this the coppices that covered the fellsides were cut every fourteen years. Other woodland industries included the making of baskets, carts, hoops, brooms and hurdles, while most dales had their bobbin-mills, sawmills and breweries. Lead-mining, copper-mining and slate-quarrying were in progress. The blacklead mine at Seathwaite was world-famous. Keswick manufactured linsey and woollen yarn, as well as lead pencils and agricultural implements.

Use was made of the lakes for transporting heavy goods. Slates from Langdale, for instance, were shipped down Windermere to Newby Bridge. Bowness was a busy port, handling chiefly fish



and charcoal. Salmon from the Derwent and potted char from Buttermere and Windermere were regularly sent to London.

Such was the social structure of undiscovered Lakeland. Scenically it was equally unsophisticated. The fells were still unfettered by stone walls, and swept to the skyline in unbroken waves. An open woodland of native trees veiled the lower slopes, clinging in winter like a soft brown mist about the rocks, in spring and autumn carrying the colours of the valley high up among the dark crags.

The lakes were unharnessed. No dams straightened and stiffened their shore-line ; no belt of mud lay revealed in times of drought. No hotels or villas spread their lawns over the lakeside pastures ; no dense plantations blocked the view, but oak and ash in a "romantic scattering" wandered down to the water's edge. The rivers too ran their natural courses, unconfined between stone and concrete.

There were no roads until the end of the eighteenth century. Even those the Romans had built had almost vanished. Gilpin said in 1772 : "the inhabitants pay little attention to paths ; they steer along these wilds by land-marks." There were pack-horse tracks over the passes, "corpse roads" by which the dead of remote dales were carried to burial, peat-tracks up on to the mosses. The most you could ever meet by way of traffic would be a train of pack-horses. The peace that we seek to-day on the tops dwelt then in the valleys too. The fells themselves were almost pathless, as none but an occasional shepherd ever climbed them.

In the interval between Wordsworth's two Lakeland periods (1787-1799), the effects of the great changes that were revolutionizing the face and life of England began to make themselves felt in the dales. Towards the end of the century, the Romantic movement in literature and art was awakening an interest in the wilder aspects of nature. A highly civilized society was experiencing its reaction, and men and women turned their eyes for the first time to the hills.

Two circumstances sent them to the Lakes : the French Revolution and wars, which practically closed the continent to travellers, and the immense improvement in the state of English roads. They came as visitors. They stayed as residents, and their infiltration into the Lake District was made possible by the industrial and agricultural revolutions.

Many fortunes were made in the new England. A successful man, as he rose to the top, looked round for a country seat, but eighteenth-century England was already parcelled out into great estates. The Lake District was, as the loathsome phrase has it, "ripe for development"—the cause, another aspect of the industrial revolution. Mechanical invention in the woollen industry had for some years been drawing away the processing of wool from the cottages and farmhouses, and concentrating it first in rural factories

and then in towns. This meant ruin for many a small yeoman. Sometimes vacated holdings were taken on by more fortunate neighbours, but often one of the new gentry stepped in. When the farmhouse had been pulled down and a mansion erected, the fields tamed into lawns and shrubberies, the native trees felled in favour of exotics, there was a piece of the new Lake District all complete.

The two English revolutions had other minor effects in the District. The increasing use of coal-coke in place of charcoal for smelting iron gradually extinguished the little bloomeries, though the production of charcoal for other purposes continued, on a reduced scale, until recent times.

This was a region of ancient enclosure of the farm fields. Now the commons (the fells and moorland) were also enclosed, and the long ribbons of stone wall began to snake their way up the crags and along the watersheds. The French wars caused a great increase in corn-growing, here as elsewhere, and lavish habits contracted as a result of high grain prices played their part later on in the ruin of many a Lakeland farmer. A wave of iron-mining speculation, and of gambling and drinking, swept the dales in the early nineteenth century, and was the cause of yet more holdings passing from their native owners.

When Wordsworth left the District in 1787, the change had already begun. Not much longer could it be called "a perfect republic of shepherds and agriculturists," an isolated region busy with its own affairs. He returned twelve years later to find it a rich man's playground, already beginning to be colonized by the first settlers, at the expense of an impoverished farming community.

The road-system was almost complete. New roads had been constructed ; old lanes and bridle-tracks improved ; new bridges built, old ones widened. The remote and secret region was laid bare. Along these roads galloped the speed-merchants of the day. "Those who travel post see little," exclaimed Mr. Green. "What enjoyment can be experienced by those who, lolling in their chariots, confine themselves to the glimpses to be obtained from their windows !" Along these roads drove the first picnickers, looking for a grassy knoll on which to erect their pavilion or spread their cloth.

Over the passes rode the young men to the remoter dales. Up the sides of Skiddaw and Helvellyn, accompanied by guides, struggled mixed parties on shabby ponies. Advice for mountaineers began to appear. Do not drink from "the bubbling fountain" until you have prepared the stomach with brandy. Wear gaiters to keep out sand and stones. Carry a sponge, to damp the soles of your shoes in dry weather.

No longer were barges and fishing-boats the only craft on the



lakes. Squadrons of cutters fought mock battles. Pleasure-boats transported the visitors from island to island. Fishing-parties were popular. The first big regatta was held on Bassenthwaite in 1780. In one event, "a whimsical piece of amusement," a number of horses were taken into the middle of the lake, and the boat was sunk under them ; the first horse ashore was the winner.

What was the relationship between the new residents and the summer visitors on the one hand, and the "natives" on the other ? The former seem, on the whole, to have regarded the latter with mild curiosity, much as some pillars of empire regard the aborigines. They were part of the general *décor*, but one did not expect to have much more contact with them than with other local fauna. However, the newcomers liked their "innocent inhabitants" to remain unspoilt. A visitor of 1791 deplors the fact that the tourist "excites envy and false ideas of happiness among the peaceful inhabitants, for now it ceases to excite laughter or contempt when the ruddy lass forgets her dialect, and appears at church in a tall bonnet, fluttering with ribbands." Others commend the attitude of sturdy independence which has for so long been a characteristic of the dalesmen. "They are always ready to do a good turn to a stranger, and, instead of expecting money for any trifling assistance, will take off their hats, throw their heads at you and wish you a good day." "Here the very guides are philosophers," writes another enthusiast. They are "as good scholars as the Scottish peasantry."

The Lakelanders were not slow in turning the invasion to good effect. Some supplied the visitors with ponies ; some hired them boats or rowed them about ; others acted as guides, going into "poetical rhapsodies" (no doubt with tongue in cheek), when "delineating the charms" of the view.

As the trickle of visitors grew into a stream, the inns began to multiply. In 1769, Gray found the best bed-chamber in the old *Salutation* at Ambleside "dark and damp as a cellar", but by 1829 Lakeland inns were held to be "scarcely inferior to any in England." Mine host must have been very accommodating. One dare not imagine the reaction of present-day managements to visitors who rose at two to see the sunrise from Skiddaw, or at five to catch the coach ; who dropped in about 11 for breakfast, and insisted on having a fire lit in the principal room. The inns provided good farm fare. A dinner at Grasmere in 1795 comprised "roast pike, boiled fowl, veal cutlets and ham, beans and bacon, cabbage, pease and potatoes, anchovy sauce, parsley and butter, cheese, wheat bread and oatcakes, preserved gooseberries and rich cream" and cost 10d. per head.

Enterprising innkeepers also catered for their visitors' taste in echoes. Many kept brass cannon, which for a small fee could be

discharged. One arranged for two French horns, placed "in a convenient echo", to be played at intervals during a moonlight party on Derwentwater, so that the visitors' fancies might dwell the more freely upon nymphs and tritons.

The effect of the newcomers on Lake District architecture was deplored by writers such as Wordsworth and Green. The latter wrote in 1819 : " The old Halls, Farm Houses, and Cottages of the North of England have long been admired for their elegant peculiarity of design, and, aided by accidental additions and dilapidations, and by combinations of the richest woods, and backgrounds of rocks and mountains, are, in their kind, finer objects for study than any others to be met with in the island. . . . Modernizing has, however, recently spoiled many of these buildings, and a few years more will probably see them pared and plastered into all the monotony of the erections of the present day." Speaking of Ambleside in 1800, he said : " Its projecting porches, its connecting galleries, its beautifully formed chimnies and all its bold irregularities, had greatly suffered between visits."

Wordsworth, Green and many other " persons of pure taste " complained that the new houses were too conspicuous and pretentious to blend with their surroundings. " No-one ", said Wordsworth, " can now travel through the more frequented tracts, without being offended, at almost every turn, by an introduction of discordant objects, disturbing that peaceful harmony of form and colour which had been through a long lapse of ages most happily preserved."

Much as we may regret the old, self-contained Lake District, it was bound to come to an end, and the visitors have, on the whole, played the part of fairy godmother. At first, their advent benefited only a few local people, but their influence spread ever outwards, like ripples on a pool. First the innkeepers and the guides, then the staff of hotels and lodging-houses, and the farmers and shopkeepers who kept the larders filled. And now the tourist industry has come right home. There is no cottage or farmhouse through the length and breadth of the District that cannot count on its complement of visitors the season through. The industrial revolution, which nearly ruined the District, has made compensation through its children, generations of town-bred men and women, boys and girls, who owe to it both their superior standard of living and their lack of a satisfying life. The first provides them with holidays and money to spend ; the second sends them to the mountains.



# THE FORTNIGHTLY LIBRARY

## THE OPEN-MINDED CRITIC

BY RICHARD CHURCH

PROFESSOR BOWRA'S earlier book, *The Heritage of Symbolism*, has taught us what kind of literary criticism to expect from this un-donnish don. His open-minded habit is not one worn with self-consciousness, like that which has led so many university professors to make a cult of thriller-reading and low-brow manners, just as curates drink beer in pubs ; all this being an effort to live down the public misconceptions of their calling.

The statement of faith upon which Professor Bowra works may be found in the opening chapter of *The Creative Experiment*,\* where he says : "The bad poetry of an age is no criticism of the good, and what matters is the quality of the successes won. These are many and various, and have a special interest because they show how poets have faced the problems of the new outlook and found solutions to them." His book is an analysis of what he believes to be some good poetry of our time, written by the Greek poet Cavafy, the Russians Mayakovsky and Pasternak, the French-Pole Apollinaire, the Spanish Lorca, and Alberti, and the Anglo-American T. S. Eliot. He examines their work in the belief that

the poets of the nineteenth century were on the whole guided by a belief in the Beautiful, and held that some subjects are beautiful in themselves and others not, but the moderns are not very much interested in the Beautiful as such, and do not believe that there is a category of beautiful subjects. What matters is the imaginative appeal of a subject, and there is no means by which this can be forecast in advance. So mysterious indeed are the workings of the creative spirit that it may find its subject in almost any field of experience. . . . What matters to the modern poet is the essential excitement, the exaltation and thrill which he finds, not a preconceived, general notion of what the subjects of poetry are or are not.

Basing his arguments on these premisses, the critic opens his wide field of inquiry to the reader, with great scholarship and literary courtesy. He has a faculty for making his examination of poems, and authors' motives and intentions, as exciting as a tale of events. He gives substance, reality, drama to his analysis. These qualities, carried in a prose style that is admirable in its direct and simple statement, add up to an impressive personality that has endeared itself to a wide public. One enjoys his books as one enjoys Ruskin. It is notable that both critics have been defenders of new movements. I believe that *The Heritage of Symbolism* is a piece of critical work that is likely to last.

About the new book I have some misgivings. The critic here is at a disadvantage because his theme is less tangible. That may be why he attempts to state it with such certainty, in order to cover up what may have been an equal misgiving in his own mind. This "creative experiment" that his book is about ; what, after all, is it ? Is it so creative ; and is it such an experiment ? The questions shake the foundation of his book, and in the subsequent commotion of mind and trembling of values, we begin to ask if Professor Bowra is not, for the sake of the adventure, asking us to accept these claims too passively. That question is emphasized by the quotations from the verse of the poets, which he uses to illustrate his argument. Between the initial assumption of values, and those quotations, the argument moves with a most articulate authority, linking the one to the other. But the skill of that argument does not persuade us that the assumption is not too much, or the specimens of verse illustrating this "creative experiment"

\* *The Creative Experiment*, by C. M. Bowra. Macmillan. 16s.

other than disappointing.

Professor Bowra says that "in the self, modern poetry has a subject which demands the highest standards of truth as they have never been demanded before, and to do its duty by this it must possess a suitable technique." Here is an example of the false assumptions upon which he builds his book. In what way, I would ask him, does the self-analysis under the discipline of religious devotion of Mr. T. S. Eliot demand a higher standard of truth than that of Christina Rossetti or Coventry Patmore, two poets of the nineteenth century? And how is the technique of Mr. Eliot's verse more "modern" than that of Browning (to whom he owes so much), or that of the marvellously devised rhythms of *The Unknown Eros* of Patmore? It was Browning who first began to telescope imagery, a dubious practice due rather to impatient vanity than to a sense of the true duty of a poet. And this impatient vanity was a waste product of the Romantic Movement, when the subject being so emphatically the *self*, poets forgot their sane place in society, and swelled a monstrous protestantism until even their poetic symbols and images became private and self-authoritative.

But alongside all that pother, there were poets working with more humility in the tradition, who nevertheless had just as much to say about the self, and said it lucidly; so lucidly that they left the critics no scope for analysis or exegesis. That may be why the poet whose principle is to write with absolute clarity is always taken for granted by the cliques and the contemporary critics. His fate is that of the virtuous woman, whose quiet deeds and demeanour are recalled and praised only by her grandchildren. Poor Martha, she should not have said what she meant quite so distinctly!

I cannot, therefore, see how it is possible to accept, at least through the medium of the translations into English, the claim that Mayakowsky is a great poet rich in creative experiment. His ideas are those of a hot-headed

adolescent, or of a barbarian. How dull and completely untrue is all his excited shouting about the People, that sentimental abstraction. The course of events in Russia since his death has proved it, just as history in the past foretold it. Pasternak, a civilized artist, offers us something that we can respect, something that we can recognize even in translation as contributing to the sensitive interpretation of the goings on of the passing world. But so far as one can judge these and the other foreign poets in translation, their so-called revolutionary experiment is a negligible factor in the command of our interest; especially the interest of readers who do not believe that political, social or even moral conditions alter so vastly in relation to the life of the individual poet. The vale of tears is always the same, and the life of Mayakowsky and the life of Mr. Eliot, like that of Dante and Shelley, is the record of one man's passage through that ravine; an experience about which there can only be minor differences, as related by one man and another.

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**THE ROME—BERLIN AXIS: A History of the Relations between Hitler and Mussolini, by Elizabeth Wiskemann. Oxford University Press. 21s.**

The best compliment one can pay to Miss Wiskemann perhaps is to say that in her latest book she has combined the best qualities, and avoided the defects, of two schools of historiographers. Some readers, that is to say, will appreciate *The Rome-Berlin Axis* for its detailed unravelling of the tangled diplomatic skein in the Axis camp during the years 1934-1945. Others will prize the imaginative and at the same time meticulous appraisal of the personality of each of the dictators and, above all, the peculiar relationship of the one to the other. Here is the summing-up. "Each was like a malicious caricature of his own people." Hitler was a psychotic, Mussolini a neurotic, torn with doubt, mercurial. And the



Duce's attitude towards the Führer was "a feeling of fascination garnished with hatred, never with sympathy"—but, by force of circumstances and his own weaknesses, he could not escape his destiny of jackal and captive.

The first meeting of the two was on June 14, 1934, in Venice, and the occasion the latent conflict over Austria. Little more than a month later saw the murder of Dollfuss by Austrian Nazis and the adoption by Mussolini of the rôle of protector of 'black' Fascism in Austria. During 1935 the relations between Italy and Germany were "about as bad as they could be," but, already, Hitler revealed a fixation about his Italian co-tyrant; so that though the Italian conquest of Abyssinia was undertaken, in reality, as an anti-German move, "in Hitler's mind no breach with Mussolini occurred." The situation was scarcely changed, despite Austria, despite manifest rivalry on the question of Spain, throughout the greater part of 1936. When fascist Italy became bogged down by her intervention in Spain, no one was more relieved than Hitler who thus saw the Stresa front once and for all disrupted and Austria at his mercy. Yet, curiously enough, seen in perspective, it was the Spanish civil war, or rather the repercussions from it, which provided the cement of the new relationship signalized in the October Protocols (1936) and designated as an "Axis" by Mussolini in his Milan speech of November 1. Thereafter visits between Nazi leaders and Italian *gerarch*i were frequent, and the two dictators themselves had a number of colloquies leading up to the Pact of Steel. Fundamentally, however, Miss Wiskemann insists, anti-Nazi sentiments persisted in Italy—even the fascist swashbucklers, with the exception of Farinacci, could not stomach Hitler's anti-Semitism. Mussolini's little hour of glory, superficially, was the Four Power Conference at Munich in Munich in September 1938; but, in reality, throughout this formative period Hitler had got him where he wanted

him.

When Hitler's war materialized Mussolini was all the more anxious to play the rôle of mediator—in view of Hitler's newly-found friendship with Stalin. The atrocities in Poland, in any case, made the official policy of alliance an uphill task: Ciano's speech to the Grand Council—"a piece of audacity towards Hitler"—was hailed in Italy as tantamount to a denunciation of the Steel Pact. But, whatever his momentary vacillations, Mussolini always came to heel, and he personally, in Miss Wiskemann's view, always intended to come into the war on Germany's side at what seemed to him the right moment.

Miss Wiskemann does not seek to add to the mass of evidence that has accumulated about the schizophrenic German, but in depicting Mussolini, great play-actor but, for all that, in contrast with Hitler an ordinary human being, unstable, irresolute and opportunist, a *condottiere* without character, she has supplied the answer to one of the riddles of the pre-war years. And it is not surprising to learn that there was a physiological basis for his neurosis, a neglected syphilitic infection, then a duodenal ulcer which plagued him from 1925-1927 and, again, after 1937. "He had no clear conception of his own aims or methods," no philosophy of history: the only innovation he achieved, after Lenin, was the Single-Party State.

WILLIAM RYDAL.

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**CHRISTIANITY AND FEAR**, by Oscar Pfister. *George Allen and Unwin*. 30s.

Dr. Pfister is a Swiss pastor in Zurich who was one of the first to recognize the value of depth psychology in his pastoral work, and who for more than a generation, has put it into practice with conspicuous success. As a psychologist in his own right therefore he deserves to be listened to when he speaks of the relationships of the vocation to which he was called to the

science which he has so effectively used, and tells us what he thinks are the relationships between fear and Christianity.

It is significant that at the outset he recognizes that there has been a two-way reaction and that fear has influenced the forms of Christianity at the same time that Christianity has been seeking the catharsis of fear. That same judiciousness marks his book the whole way through ; he does not imagine on the one hand that psychology can "explain" Christianity, nor on the other hand, does he fail to recognize that fear is not the only problem that Christianity has to meet and that the problem of fear has to be set in the whole "*Gestalt*" of human personality. He does insist however that fear is a crucial problem for Christianity and this leads him to the most important conclusion of his book—that only a Christianity which expresses love is really adequate to this particular task. He believes that the over-intellectualization of faith in Protestantism has left it relatively impotent to deal with fear, for the simple reason that fear is born of the damming up of love and the sense of guilt ; he therefore puts in a powerful plea for the recovery of the gospel which was actually preached by Jesus Christ, and he believes that this recovery is essential to a true spiritual hygiene.

That final conclusion is led up to by a long, sane and valuable discussion of the psychology of fear, particularly worthy of study by publicists, as well as parsons and teachers, for its close analysis of the part played by the mob and by society. The main body of the book follows—a long series of chapters in which Dr. Pfister discusses, first of all the relationships between fear and religion in general, and then in Judaism, in the teaching of Jesus Christ, and in the various forms which Christianity has assumed in history.

To Dr. Pfister, the aim of Jesus was the liberation of men from fear and His teaching and practice contain a true fear-therapy. The Churches, alas, have taken lower ground than their Master.

Of Catholicism he writes : "The impression remains that this (that is, the incessant struggle with fear) belongs not only to the primitive popular religion which is so urgently recommended by the Church, but also to the very centre of ritual practice" and the fear is only partly dealt with by the provision of an innumerable number of saints, a father-substitute in the Pope and the engulfing of the individual in a crowd. Broadly speaking, the same story of but partial success holds true of the Protestant Churches and the inadequacy of both goes back ultimately to the over-exaltation of faith at the expense of love. The student will read these pages, the fruit of the mating of wide reading and practical experience, with something that lies close to fascination, though it has to be confessed that the fascination would have been in no way diminished had the documentation been less ample.

One's admiration and thankfulness for an unusually able and provocative book, however, must not be allowed to stifle one's sense that the book initiates a most important discussion for the Churches, rather than gives final answers. What does Dr. Pfister mean by love ? Are the main causes of fear only the damming up of love and the sense of guilt ? And has Dr. Pfister laid his account squarely enough with the fact, which he explicitly admits, that fear is only one element in human experience to be combated by faith and love. The truth is that to deal with fear in isolation may get the Christian message as badly out of focus as to deal only with the accomplishment of righteousness.

Meanwhile, whatever questions may arise in the mind of the reader, it has to be put on record that Dr. Pfister has written not only a very important study in the psychology of fear ; he has no less written a book which conceals a deep and healthy challenge, for if Dr. Pfister's contention is granted it means that the Churches must suffer a sea-change.

B. C. PLOWRIGHT.



**ESSAYS ON LOCAL GOVERNMENT**, edited by C. H. Wilson.  
*Basil Blackwell.* 18s.

The essays in this book are lengthy and six in number. They are a selection from a number of papers on local government prepared by research assistants of Nuffield College. The treatment is factual and historical: "The Development of Areas and Boundary Changes 1888-1939", "The Local Government Act of 1929 and Subsequent Legislation", "The Development of the Grant System", "The Control of Local Authority Borrowing by the Central Government" and "Joint Authorities". These five are all useful contributions for the painstaking student anxious for a better understanding of the background to the present situation and the work of the Boundary Commission. There is also a helpful appendix giving a digest of proposals made by local authorities, associations and others for the reform of local government during the period 1940-1945. But it should be remembered, in the succeeding four years, there has been no abatement of discussion or proposals.

The editor's own contribution "The Foundations of Local Government" is broader in scope and interest. He examines local government to discover why it is worth preserving and what exactly it is that we are trying to preserve. He decides that "the spirit and the methods of democracy may be stated as follows. One: political decisions must be taken by a system in which all citizens *can* share. Two: political decisions must be taken by discussion and vote. Three: political decisions should be taken so that a process of continuous public political education goes on." Participation and education, he adds, demands local as well as central institutions. Only a few can take part in central government but in local government about 50,000 citizens get a chance of serving. The importance of his essay is that it demonstrates convincingly that the approach to local government reform is not through

the narrow gate of administrative efficiency but by way of the political needs of the people making that democracy.

JOHN ARMITAGE.

**THE DISCOVERY OF TAHITI**, by George Robertson, edited by Hugh Carrington. The Hakluyt Society, Vol. 98. *Bernard Quaritch.* 25s.

**AN INTRODUCTION TO BRITISH MARINE PAINTING**, by Oliver Warner. *Batsford.* 21s.

The first printed version of Robertson's journal of the voyage of the *Dolphin*, 1766-1768, is one of several works on which the late Major A. H. Carrington was engaged when he died in 1947. It is to be hoped that other works, and notably his *Life of Alexander Dalrymple*, may soon be published in turn. This single work of editorship, however, is proof enough of Carrington's scholarship and evidence of what in him we have lost. It is altogether worthy of the series to which it belongs.

Robertson was Master of the *Dolphin* (32 guns) on her voyage round the world under the command of Captain Samuel Wallis in 1766-1768. Published accounts of this voyage of exploration already exist in Hawkesworth's collection, and Wallis's own journal, preserved in the Public Record Office, has often been cited by previous writers. Robertson's journal, however (also in the Public Record Office)—something quite distinct from the official log which he was bound to keep—has never before been printed, and seldom perhaps been seen. Its publication now is certainly justified from every point of view. Besides being a more detailed account than any hitherto available, it is interesting in the light it throws on the personalities concerned. The relative failure of the expedition is now much easier to understand, although the discovery of Tahiti was important in itself and formed, as it were, the point of departure for Cook's more famous voyage of 1768.

Wallis's illness had evidently much to

do with his failure to seek the 'Southern Continent' in the existence of which he and his officers still firmly believed. Robertson did not write with a view to publication but his work is yet another proof of the extremely high level of education among many eighteenth century seamen who began their service on the lower deck or in merchantmen. James Cook was not as exceptional in this as he was in practically everything else. Robertson's spelling is largely his own but he writes clearly and to the point, describing events and scenes with some skill though mostly revealing his own character when attempting to depict the character of others. In publishing his journal, the work of a man not unlike Cook in origin though far from his equal in ability, the Hakluyt Society has done wisely. The work of editorship was completed by others after the author's death and is creditable to all concerned. Such small errors as there are relate only to the Navy and not to that exploration of the Pacific which is the journal's theme.

Whereas Robertson's journal is well illustrated with half-a-dozen plates and an excellent chart, the Hakluyt Society cannot compete—when it comes to illustration—with the firm of Batsford. Mr. Warner's book is most attractive and its sixty-two plates, with a frontispiece and jacket in colour, form a well-chosen and admirably reproduced gallery of marine art. The author has avoided including too many works already widely known, although relatively few of his pictures are from private collections. The first impression (and perhaps the last) gained from this book is the almost overwhelming skill of John Sell Cotman. But the marine artists themselves, the specialists, emerge well from the test and there are some excellent pictures by Charles Brooking, Dominic Serres and Peter Monamy. Some of the later plates serve, however, merely to confirm our belief that marine painting, in the narrower sense, died out with the sailing ship. The inclusion of one or two works by Sir Frank Brangwyn might

have saved the series from that sense of collapse after page 40. In a book of this kind the text is subsidiary, but it is, in this instance, disappointing. The author gives us mainly biographical matter about the artists and leaves himself little room to criticize and assess. The definitive work on marine painting remains to be written, but Mr. Warner does well to remind the public that such an art did once exist.

C. NORTHCOTE PARKINSON.

**MINE HOST LONDON**, by William Kent. *Nicholson & Watson.* 8s. 6d.  
**UNKNOWN WESTMINSTER ABBEY**, by Lawrence E. Tanner. *King Penguin.* 2s. 6d.

**WESTMINSTER ABBEY**, by Meadows White. My London Gallery: *Lincolns-Prager.* 9s. 6d.

That indefatigable Londoner, William Kent, has paid another tribute to the city he knows so well with his latest volume. From William the Conqueror, who built a fort to enforce his rule, to Marx, whose study in the reading room at the British Museum so profoundly affected European history, the author turns the pages of the past that we may meet again some of the visitors to whom London has played mine host in the last 800 years.

On the whole, the Cockney may feel satisfied with the impression his forbears created on the foreigners. Sooner or later, the average American coming to these shores will exclaim with awe: "I think your police are wonderful." Over a century ago a German had the same opinion; Theodor Fontane wrote that they are "not so intolerably abusive as in the land of gendarmes and district commissioners. They are tireless in their activity for the prevention of all disturbances and for the protection of those who need protection and they don't clatter about with a four-foot sword and never disturb the harmless celebration of the populace."

To return the compliment, the British visitor to the States usually expatiates on the beauty of American womanhood, and Mr. Kent notes that in 1499



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## INDIA

C. H. Philips, M.A., PH.D., F.R.HIST.S.

*Professor of Oriental History in the University of London*

THE main lines of India's development, in particular the establishment, extension and gradual relinquishment of British power, are stated and earlier times touched on to identify the living political legacies of Hindu and Muslim India.

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Erasmus wrote to his friend Faustus while on a visit to this country : " The English girls are divinely pretty, soft, pleasant, gentle and charming as to the Muses. They have one custom that cannot be too much admired. They kiss you when you go away and they kiss you when you return."

That the insularity of these islands has had a profound effect on our character was noted in 1497 by an observant Venetian : " The English are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them. They think there are no other men than themselves and no other world than England." That kind of British conceit dies hard ; not long ago in Brussels I heard a strident English voice say to a fishmonger : " I don't care what you call them ; we call them lobsters." On the other hand, the current film *Passport to Pimlico* demonstrates gloriously how completely a Cockney may become a foreigner should occasion arise.

The recital in these pages of stupendous banquets makes nostalgic reading ; it is small wonder that an Austrian playwright returned for a second holiday when in 1836 he was served with " salmon too good for an emperor, roast beef surpassing every conception, currant tart and Stilton cheese to which nothing is equal " in a Ludgate Hill coffee house. Through the eyes of German, French, Italian, Dutch, Greek, who were physicians, politicians, historians, satirists, lawyers, we can re-create the expansive days.

Londoners will be satisfied if the hospitality they have been privileged to offer to many Europeans in the last few years evokes equally enthusiastic tributes. *Apropos* of the concurrent American invasion Mr. Kent promises another volume soon devoted exclusively to the reactions of Uncle Sam.

For the average Londoner the historical treasures of his city are largely unknown and few trials are greater to him that the visit of a friend with a passion to " do " the sights. The bridge between complete indifference

and active interest was built during the war years when destruction induced a feeling of affection for the treasures remaining, and this, despite the many who mourned the disappearance of buildings they never troubled to enter. Westminster Abbey, the subject of the second and third books, still witnesses intact to its historical and architectural interest.

The *King Penguin* has the advantage of being pocket size and, under the direction of Lawrence E. Tanner, the Keeper of the Muniments and Library of Westminster Abbey, we briefly trace the history of the church from 1245. The book is fully informed, the more valuable because the results of modern cleaning have enabled the author to reveal and explain much that was covered by centuries-old grime, and to draw a picture of an abbey of the middle ages full of colour. Sixty-three pages of photographs bring the very readable text to life.

The other volume skilfully matches the high standard set by its predecessor *The Houses of Parliament* in the series. This is a book for the library table where the 19 pages of really superb photographs may be turned over in comfort. The author, Meadows White, provides a background of historical continuity while not neglecting to record some of the quaint customs and human tragedies which took place within the Abbey walls. It is good to note that the parish church of Westminster, St. Margaret's, where Pepys was married and Sir Walter Raleigh buried, finds mention here.

HERBERT T. BANYARD.

**ENGLISH BLAKE**, by BERNARD BLACKSTONE. *Cambridge University Press*. 25s.

Bernard Blackstone divides his book into two parts : in the first he makes a general survey of the poet's life and work, and in the second he analyses the thought and belief which lay behind them. Students of Blake may feel that the biographical section is hardly necessary since it has been done



adequately before, but others will be glad that Dr. Blackstone makes them acquainted with the broad outline of Blake's symbolism before he goes on to detailed study. To his job Dr. Blackstone brings true scholarship, a persuasive manner, immense patience and enthusiasm. He shows the coherence of Blake's thought in art, poetry, mythology, and, indeed, in the whole process of living, and he shows, too, his singleness of vision and purpose.

Blake's symbols were drawn largely from the mythology of Gnosticism and dualism, but they were used to express a faith which was the very opposite of dualism. He preached against the divided man and against the divided cosmos. Indeed, for him, man and the cosmos were the same, and his four creative forces, the four Zoas, were identified with the four aspects of human personality—imagination, emotion, instinct, and reason. The Fall in man, as he saw it, was the divorce between these four, and the setting up of the tyranny of reason, with its rule of morality and its concern with a mechanical universe. The salvation of man was through the forgiveness of sins in the 'whole' man, Jesus; through escape from the cramping and corrupting effects of morality and reason; and through the full play of the imagination in vision and of the senses in sexuality. It was in its own way, a gospel of Affirmation.

Yet it is doubtful whether Blake was entirely free from the dualism he rejected. Although he delighted in the created world, he could still call it "the dirt beneath his feet." Dr. Blackstone explains this paradox by pointing to Blake's experience of the double-vision, by which things material concealed things spiritual:

With my inward Eye 'tis an old Man grey;  
With my outward, a Thistle across my way.

That, no doubt, was very exhilarating to Blake, but it seems to me to be rather condescending to the thistle as a thistle.

Moreover, to Blake, the material universe had no real existence apart

from man; it was the creation of Urizen (reason), the Satan of his mythology. Nature was "a system of ideas in the human imagination seen falsely as exterior." Carried to its logical conclusion this would imply that not only nature but *other human beings* were created by the imagination of the individual. If such were so, all Blake's deeply-felt love of humanity would be self-love, and his sexuality would be merely the secret and "enormous" joys which he condemned with such power.

Yet these (as they seem to me) inconsistencies do not affect the greatness of his poetry because his symbols have a validity, an archetypal meaning, which goes beyond even his own interpretation of them. There must be, however, a clear understanding of all the implications of his thought, if his work is not to be distorted by those who wish for the sensation of religion without the obligation of belief, and the glow of self-righteousness without the encumbrance of duty. Towards such an understanding this book is a very valuable aid.

NORMAN NICHOLSON.

LEO TOLSTOY, by Ernest J. Simmons  
*John Lehmann. 25s.*

It may seem less than justice to describe Professor Simmons's enormous life of Tolstoy as a pedestrian affair. Admittedly it is far more than that term usually indicates; at the same time, overcoming one's awe at the sheer wealth of accumulated detail, one cannot at once find it great. One of the merits of this 850-page biography is its author's personal reticence in refraining from any dogmatic theory, prejudice or judgment that might have coloured the facts. But this is carried far enough to make for shapelessness; the only moulding is that of the years which go by like the ticking of a clock, each with its burden of literary, family or spiritual episode which become often as repetitive as they would appear in life. Never before has so much been gathered in one volume about Tolstoy. Professor

Simmons has drawn on an immense body of documentary material, much of it brought to light in preparing the hundred-volume Soviet Jubilee edition, besides contributions from other sources that reveal the range of his browsing amongst contemporary commentators.

Possibly a more classified arrangement of the abundant matter would have made for greater economy, broader effects, and a clearer view of the forest through the tree-trunks than this strictly chronological system will allow. However, a certain dignified 'slow strength' becomes apparent to the reader willing to show patience and finding as reward an untrammelled opportunity to form his own private judgment and conclusions from the circumstances so lavishly displayed. If there is no quickening of the pace there is no slackening, or turning aside to review Tolstoy's writings on their general merits, apart from their place in the tale of his progress; so that the book, large as it appears, is not exhaustive—not, for all its minutiae, an expression of finality on the man and his work. In this patient dogging of his subject's footsteps Professor Simmons almost inevitably finds himself recording visits from foreigners, trips between Moscow and Yasnaya Polyana, clashes with the Government, invasions of his beggarly followers—Sonya's detested "dark people"—family frolics, the call to shoe-making and menial tasks . . . because these are to be met with on the roadway, which never provides a halt for the general discussion of *Anna Karenina* or *War and Peace*.

What so strikingly emerges is Tolstoy's later indifference to these masterpieces that had so absorbed him, not through shortcomings in the work, but through his own reorientation from art to spiritual progress and reforming passion. All his life the two ideals fought in him, and this alone explains the amazing conviction, soon after achieving *War and Peace*, that he had "lost his way." Only a giant among mortals could

produce literature on such a scale and still pursue so practical and revolutionary a policy of religious reform. All this becomes clear, without effort or argument, from Professor Simmons's narrative, as do also, with the same gradual unveiling, the much-publicized relations between Tolstoy and his wife. The case, as unfolded in diaries, letters and incidents, could not have been soluble. Tolstoy, by all common interpretation, was a faithful, loving husband, Sonya a sympathetic and loyal wife. His later convictions and his insistence on practising them, would have made family life inimical even without the earthy jealousies and desires that persisted strenuously in them both.

Professor Simmons effectually dispenses controversial argument by a neutral presentation; just as, by showing Tolstoy in all aspects, he leaves a picture of a stupendous man defeated, if he was so, by his own effort to reconcile clamorous opposites. In his chosen manner Professor Simmons has produced a life that (although lacking a bibliography) will be a standard work for all who study Tolstoy, and keenly fascinating to the general reader who is prepared to meditate and combine.

SYLVA NORMAN.

**THE COMPLETE POEMS OF JOHN SKELTON : LAUREATE.** Edited by Philip Henderson. *J. M. Dent.* 12s. 6d.

**SELECTED LYRICS AND SATIRES OF JOHN WILMOT 2nd EARL OF ROCHESTER.** Edited with Introduction by Ronald Duncan. *Forge Press.* 7s. 6d.

**POETRY OF THE PRESENT :** Compiled and Introduced by Geoffrey Grigson. *Phoenix House.* 10s. 6d.

For though my rhyme be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely rain-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten,  
If ye take well therewith,  
It hath in it some pith.

Yes, indeed; and pith of special importance to us to-day for Skelton's poetry (like ours) belongs to an age of



transition between traditions, between the break up of the Middle Ages and the beginning of the Renaissance, and it has influenced modern poets from Edith Sitwell, Robert Graves and Auden onwards.

And as full of good will  
As fair Isaphill,  
Coriander,  
Sweet pomander,  
Good Cassander,  
Steadfast of thought,  
Well made, well wrought . . .

In this decorative juggling with words and rhyme one almost hears the earlier verse of Edith Sitwell.

This second, revised edition of Skelton's work, most ably introduced by Philip Henderson and beautifully produced, may be highly recommended to all serious lovers of poetry. After all John Skelton is still too little known, and his Muse is original, varied, and above all in his ordinary speech rhythms entirely English. Here he anticipates the sprung rhythm of Manley Hopkins. His work is impressive in bulk, and embraces such diversity as an early morning Tudor daintiness in his poems to young girls, a vigorous outspokenness in "The Tunning of Elinour Rumming" and the drowsy "My Darling Dear, my Daisy Flower, and a long Morality play "Magnificence" and, perhaps as interesting as any, vehement satires against the life at court and Wolsey. But I found the glossary of unfamiliar words inadequate.

Mr. Ronald Duncan writes a lively, though discursive, Apologia for Rochester. He makes the point that one cannot define good poetry, which is true, and disarms by saying that he cannot prove that Rochester is a good poet but that he is a poet to his taste. Whether Rochester will be to everyone's taste is another matter, but Mr. Duncan is much to be commended for "getting him into print again." He proceeds with a discussion of the old misunderstanding between art and morality, and then, somewhat irrelevantly attacks Tennyson's reputation for song, without I think establishing

Rochester's. But Mr. Duncan's main theme is plainly that his poet's achievement is his contribution to romantic song, and that his songs were capable of being sung perhaps because he had listened to "Purcell and Lawes whilst in the 'squalid' court." Let us listen :

All my past Life is mine no more,  
The flying Hours are gone ;  
Like transitory Dreams given o'er,  
Whose Images are kept in store  
By Memory alone.

The time that is to come, is not ;  
How can it then be mine ?  
The present Moment's all my Lot,  
And that, as fast as it is got,  
Phyllis is wholly thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,  
False Hearts and broken vows ;  
If I by Miracle can be  
This live-long Minute true to thee  
'Tis all that Heaven allows.

Well, Tennyson wrote better songs, but Mr. Duncan's final plea is valid : "If contemporary verse, having digested the reforms which the Imagists brought in, should now look more to rhythm and form, I do not see how it can ignore Rochester."

I read Mr. Grigson's *Poetry of the Present*, thinking that these poets were looking more to form, but conscious that "voices are harsher than they were." Many poems seem too self-consciously deliberate, with some descriptions that could with little loss or trouble be incorporated into a novel. What is lacking is the singing voice, for example, in Mr. Rex Warner's somewhat tortured bird poems. And why so much Auden and Norman Cameron and James Kirkup, and why so very little Sidney Keyes, an inspired singer if ever there was one ? Still, there are Mr. Dylan Thomas and Mr. John Betjeman, and music and wonder are in all Miss E. J. Scovell's poems. But as I ploughed conscientiously through this collection, I found myself too often murmuring with reluctance :

The languid strings do scarcely move ;  
The sound is forced, the notes are few.

JOSEPH BRADDOCK.

## BOOKS ON THE TABLE

When an author visiting THE FORTNIGHTLY office the other day remarked that he was specializing in the Victorian period the obvious rejoinder seemed to be: "Aren't we all?" Without underrating the greater gulfs of poverty and wealth, vulnerability and privilege, who, in Britain, in this cruel and ugly twentieth century, does not sometimes long to have been born in the nineteenth? Fewer machine-made amenities then—but "delight in simple things"; freedom then to starve—and freedom too from mass fear. And how the Victorians loved and revered their giants and, from the present level of mediocrity gained and reverence lost, what giants they seem to be!

**Eminent Victorians**

Now Queen Victoria's husband, somewhat belatedly perhaps, has joined them. The idea that he was merely "the operatic tenor" went out with wax fruit, but his good influence on his wife's character and very real gifts has more slowly become recognized. He should never have been blamed for the stuffer manifestations of Victorianism in vogue long after his death and, with THE PRINCE CONSORT (*Macmillan*. 18s.), Roger Fulford quickens the consciousness that this man was not only endued with a tremendous sense of responsibility for the empire but for the enlightenment of public taste in the fine arts. The author's books are much more than royal portraits, and this, the prospect of a social and political era with great industrial expansion at home and abroad seen as it were from a court window, is Mr. Fulford at his best. —Another Victorian whose stature increases, and indeed overtops some of his contemporaries with more obvious claims to giantdom, is portrayed by his great-grandson in THE LIFE AND TIMES OF COVENTRY PATMORE (*Constable*. 15s.). Derek Patmore has not allowed kinship

to blur or sentimentalize the picture and, with his access to family papers and memories, in spite of a certain flatness in his prose, proves himself well fitted for the task. Not a particularly lovable figure, a medieval Tory, aloof and autocratic, "longing to play the rôle of a landed gentleman," Coventry Patmore was capable of overwhelming love in his personal relationships. To the consideration of his poetry the sublimating of his physical passions is the golden key. He was a pioneer, with a debt to Plato and Dante, as Osbert Burdett asserts, and it is not surprising that his work grows in popularity with the growth of frankness. Nevertheless, he avoids altogether the blunting caused by blatancy; who, for example, like Edmund Gosse, can read "The Azaleas" without tears? Mr. Patmore should send those who know it not to the poetry, and they might well start with the recent selection made and edited by him.

**A Regency barrister**

Not so apt with giants as Roger Fulford or Derek Patmore, Lloyd Paul Stryker in FOR THE DEFENCE (*Staples Press*. 21s.) writes very entertainingly of some of the lesser men (and women) who immediately preceded the age of Victoria. The Beau Brummells and the Mrs. Fitzherberts, as well as a Pitt, a Fox, a Burke, a Thomas Paine and a Napoleon, figure largely in this biography of Thomas Erskine, who was Attorney General during the Regency and thus figured in many trials, and notably in Queen Caroline's. Very properly "one of America's leading advocates" (oh, that word 'defense' at the head of every left-hand page!) has chosen to tell his story—with little of the expected portentousness but with a sprightliness that verges at times on the skittish. These 600-odd pages, carefully bibliographed and indexed, are something of



an encyclopaedia of the period.

### Government and liberty

Something too of an encyclopaedia, and of the more orthodox variety since it is written by a team of specialists, is *SOCIALISM THE BRITISH WAY* (*Essential Books*. 10s. 6d.). Thus, among others there is Harold Nicolson on the Government's foreign policy, G. D. H. Cole on "the socialization programme for industry," the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Transport on "the approach to social equality" and E. F. M. Durbin, M.P., on economic problems. Probably the strangest admission ever to be seen in a Foreword is, Mr. Herbert Morrison's, who says he has not read the proofs. Lucky for him that his estimate of the authors, "what they say will be well worthy of attention," is correct.—That good government, "the integration of the unconscious forces that sway so many of man's individual and group actions," is far from being an accomplished fact, is the contention of Francis E. Pollard, Beatrice E. Pollard and Robert S. W. Pollard in *DEMOCRACY AND THE QUAKER METHOD* (*Bannisdale Press*. 8s. 6d.). The Quaker machinery for arriving at decisions used in the conduct of religious meetings is examined and instances are given where it might be applied, as it is in some measure already applied, to help men to co-operate more fully.—Municipal and parliamentary bodies are seen in the light of Quaker method and the second part of the book summarizes some discussions of the Society on controversial subjects. These are parables whose application is to wider spheres where the pursuit of freedom in unity should be the essential aim.

### To make men free

Two subjects upon which the Friends have uncompromisingly pronounced are slavery and military service. In 1720 was born a man who helped to spread in America the idea that the slave trade must be abolished. In *THE WISDOM OF JOHN WOOLMAN*

(*George Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.) Reginald Reynolds has collected many of the good man's writings and analysed them under such headings as "a tenderness to all creatures" and "speaking the truth in love." The book truly shows "the wholeness of his social doctrine and the single source of its inspiration in the mind of a true mystic."—So did the objection to the taking of arms spring from a single source, in Jesus. Denis Hayes in *CONSCRIPTION CONFLICT* (*Sheppard Press*. 12s. 6d.) devotes a chapter to the religious issues but is careful, in a very thick book, to write a history of conscription rather than a history of the religious opposition to it. Clement Davies writes a typically Liberal Introduction, without shedding light. The author is fair to both sides of the question and gives due credit to the sincerity that actuates both. The book is intensely, in fact tensely, interesting; with the aid of cartoons and other illustrations it goes back to the start of the century when the argument first became acute and passes to the present where, ominously, the debate continues. Nobody should be misled by the 'official', that is, rather ugly, appearance of the book into thinking it is in the "dry as dust" category.

### Two travellers

Neither should anyone be misled into thinking that *JAMAICAN JOURNEY* by W. J. Brown, M.P. (*George Allen & Unwin*. 10s. 6d.) is about Jamaica, except incidentally. Like the camel, the author carries his hump. Sometimes it is a useful appendage, full of refreshment; often it is not. As a travel book this is a failure but, as the jottings of a restless, inquiring and argumentative personality, it is sometimes amusing and always informative. Paradoxically enough, the Independent position seems to be antithetical to the Liberal one, an impression confirmed by Mr. Brown, who is most irritating when he is most right.—*TONGUES OF THE MONTE* by J. Frank Dobie (*Hammond, Hammond*. 15s.) establishes itself as the authentic

travel book with its opening sentence : "Just as I rounded a bluff I sighted the waterhole in the spread-out cañon" and maintains excitement to the final *adios*. That adventure stories are the perquisite of small boys is the greatest and most infuriating fallacy ; to follow this author across northern Mexico, to live with its *vaqueros*, to listen to the guide Inocencio and to the songs and legends of the region is to capture the charmed attention that is not the monopoly of one sex nor of any time of life.

### Wonders of the deep

Much the same assertion may be made of books about the sea and not only of those confined to ships, alluring as these are. In *THE OCEAN* (Geoffrey Cumberlege : Oxford University Press. 5s.) F. D. Ommanney makes even the activities of the *Coccolithophoridae* moving and significant. Reading his book stirs a sub-stratum in the barely conscious—of a large tattered volume without covers, yellowed and stained, called something like 'Maury's Physical Geography of the Sea'. This put yet another new world, though barely understood, at the disposal of a small child, in rebellion at nursery rhymes and other "suitable" reading, just as Mr. Ommanney's book should do for the uninitiated, of all sizes. And the human interest is not absent ; such a face as the one that belongs to the deep sea fish, *Edriolychnus schmidtii*, may be seen any day in Oxford Street. The only deterrent to enjoyment is likely to be the small type and unimpressive format.

### In the woods

The illustrations in a *Batsford* book save it from this kind of reluctant disparagement and *WOODLAND CRAFTS IN BRITAIN* (15s.) is especially a subject that lends itself to treatment by pictures. To anyone who feels emotionally, aesthetically, about trees, H. L. Edlin, the author, will trace surely and sensitively the interdependence between the forester and wheelwrights, charcoal

burners, willow weavers, herbalists, furniture makers and dyers. The full significance of "going against the grain" becomes apparent, along with the explanation of many other mysteries. Such chapter headings as "Alder Coppice and Clog Soles", "Hazel Hurdles, Hoops and Crates", "Oak-woods and Tan Bark" and "Birch-woods and Besoms" help to make a reassuring book in the machine age.—From many a lane "you may see hillocks of oak and elm and ash" says J. H. B. Peel in *BUCKINGHAMSHIRE FOOTPATHS* (Chaterson. 8s. 6d.) and here you may see pictures of April in a beechwood, the woods at Little Hampden and near Great Brickhill, and the tree-embowered River Lovat. And the crafts are represented here too, of smithy, lace-maker and thatcher ; but mainly the book is a quiet walk through the lanes and alongside the history of the county to dispose of "the mis-conceived notion of Buckinghamshire as an immense Metroland." The poet and scholar in the author combine with his native knowledge and some 90 photographs, to make this more-than-guidebook as attractive as its forerunners in the series.

### Killed in action

The prose of another poet illumines *IN THE GREEN TREE* (George Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d.). Inevitably (and so limitingly) labelled with Sidney Keyes by A. L. Rowse in the Preface, as "one of the two best poets to be produced by the war" Alun Lewis, in the letters from India to his wife and parents and in the short stories collected here, indicates rather how far his development had progressed when war descended upon him. In the Postscript Gwyn Jones concisely sums up the impression made by reading Lewis : "His mind was sharp, resolute, independent—and fastidious." In spite of appearances and catch phrases, war, not death, may be the poet's more real interrupter.

GRACE BANYARD.



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## Henry Deacon

was an Englishman who, in 1868, found a new method of obtaining chlorine from hydrochloric acid gas, at that time a by-product of alkali

manufacture. His method, known as the "Deacon Process", was eventually used all over the world. Side by side with another process, also invented by an English chemist, Deacon's invention made possible the commercial production of chlorine. This important heavy chemical is used in bleaching, for the manufacture of disinfectants, cleaning fluids and industrial solvents. Municipalities employ it for sterilising water supplies. Chlorine and its derivatives are essential to the chemical engineering and textile industries.

Deacon was born in London in 1822. His parents were extremely poor, but they were fortunate in enjoying the friendship of Michael Faraday. The great scientist took upon himself the supervision of the boy's brief education at a Quaker school in Tottenham. He left at the age of 14, and was apprenticed to an engineering firm, but soon afterwards it went bankrupt. He then moved to Lancashire, having his indentures transferred to Nasmyth and Gaskell, but at the age of 26 forsook engineering to become manager of Pilkington Brothers' glassworks at St. Helens. He abandoned glass a few years later when offered the managership of a small alkali works at Widnes. Subsequently he set up works of his own in partnership with William Pilkington and later with Gaskell — his former employers. He died of typhoid at the comparatively early age of 54.

